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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1915

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Christianity and War

THERE is a wide-spread feeling, which has found eloquent expression in many places, that the great world war, in the midst of which we find ourselves, marks the failure of Christianity. The feeling is as well expressed, perhaps, as one may wish, in a poem entitled *Brotherhood,* in a quarterly review, which opens thus:

> What's become of the Star in the East?
> Has battle-smoke of wars
> Obscured its beam in the crown of night,
> While doomed men in red darkness fight
> (With a groping sense of wrong or right)
> And clench and die, by the lurid blight
> Of the bloody eye of Mars?

The writer goes on to speak of the manger of Bethlehem, where the Prince of Peace was born, the fire of Pentecost, the Virgin Mother, as though the very naming of these things were a stinging rebuke to the thought of war; as though armed combat were the polar opposite of the message of Jesus. And this is but one of many expressions, passionate, sincere, convinced, which one has heard or read since the great war began. Is the view embodied in them true? Is it true that the mere fact of war, regardless of aim or principle, is a violation of the message of Christ? That he who fights, by that very act is sinning against the light?

There is so much that is appealing in the vision of universal peace, as a foretaste of the Great Peace, that one understands the passion of these appeals, as one grants their entire sincerity; yet it may be held, on the other side, that they rest on a deep-seated confusion of prin-

ciples; and therefore that, while ostensibly defences of Christianity, of the message of Jesus, they are really hostile to that message, and, if accepted and acted on to the full, would render the spiritual effort and work of the Master of no avail. One may say, indeed, that these protests rest neither on a spiritual nor on a material basis; that they sway between spiritual and material laws, and draw their support, quite illogically, first from the one, and then from the other. For if we take our stand on the sheer materialism of biology, it becomes evident at once that war, contest, conflict, is the universal law; that through the pressure of conflict all development has been gained; that, where conflict is lessened or withdrawn, all development flags, ceases, changes to retrogression. Or, if we take our stand on spiritual law, we shall see at once that the appeal to the material advantages of peace, the growth of wealth and comfort, the avoidance of pain, is not in essence a spiritual appeal, but a material one; that the defence of peace breaks down on this side also.

But let us go rather to the heart of the matter. Did Jesus bring a message of peace? The belief that he did, a belief so widely accepted that it has become almost axiomatic, is founded, seemingly, on the title, and it is a singularly beautiful one, of the Prince of Peace. But this is not a title that Jesus applies to himself; nor is it applied to him anywhere in the New Testament, by those who, as his immediate disciples, could best judge of the essence of his message. The title comes from the addresses of the first Isaiah, about the middle of the eighth century before Christ, a time when Jerusalem was in the midst of a fierce struggle against the Israelite power to the north, supported by the armed forces of Syria. Isaiah paints a beautiful picture of a time of peace that shall contrast with this time of war, when a Prince of Peace shall sit on the throne of David, as king of Judah at Jerusalem. It is one of those many forecasts of a triumphant earthly kingdom, with Jerusalem as its metropolis, which gradually took concrete form as the Messianic hope.

Did Jesus fulfil that prophecy? We can answer that best by asking whether he did, in fact, found an earthly kingdom with Jerusalem as its metropolis, and himself reigning as king, on the throne of David. He was crowned, it is true, in Jerusalem. He was hailed as King of the Jews. But we have only to remember how he was crowned, and by whom he was hailed, to realize how far his life and mission was from the ideal painted by the first Isaiah. More than that, we may even think that one of those who heard his teachings asked the Master himself, in so many words, and quoting the prophecy of Isaiah, "Art thou that Prince of Peace?" and that it was in direct reply to that question that the Master answered, "Think not that I am come to

send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." The cognate passage in the third gospel is even stronger, "I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled? . . . Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division." . . . The Prince of Peace, come to spread fire and sword. . . .

But let us turn aside for a moment, to consider what the movement of peace, if carried to its logical conclusion, would mean. The principle affirmed by the advocates of peace at any price is, that all violence, all use of force, is necessarily wrong; that righteousness must win its way purely by pacific influences; by its own attractiveness; by radiation and induction; by a spiritual force of gravitation only. If we push this thought to its logical conclusion, then the use of force, not only in war, but in peace also, is wrong and indefensible. The police power is as indefensible as the machine gun. For although the presence of the police power, as the defence of our pacific activities, is not always visible, it is, nevertheless, always effective; and a withdrawal of that power would be the signal for open plunder, as has been made evident time and again in revolutions and temporary dislocations of judicial force. It is true that the advocates of peace at any price often assert that men are all by nature moral; that our crimes are the result of unjust laws, which create such injustices and inequalities, that men are driven in despair to seek to rectify them by force; that the complete cessation of law would mean the complete cessation of crime; that all men, if left to do what is right in their own eyes, would do good only. But in the first place, the whole of human experience disproves this enticing theory; and, in the second, this doctrine is not Christianity but anarchism.

The wholly logical anarchist is compelled, if he follow his doctrine to the inevitable conclusion, not only to use no force, but to make no resistance to force, when used by others against him; not only to suffer wrong, when directed against himself, but to look on without interfering, when wrong is inflicted upon others. He must not only accept outrage and violence aimed at him personally; he must likewise accept outrage and violence when directed against other men, accept outrage and violence when directed against women and children. Nay, more, if the anarchist gospel be true, neither man nor woman has the right to resist violence and outrage, whether it be violence directed against person or property. We must not shirk the conclusions of our premises. If war be necessarily wrong, because all use of force is wrong, then self-defence, or defence of another, by man or woman, is equally wrong, equally opposed to ideal righteousness. Anarchists profess to believe this. It is doubtful if any of them would be courageous enough,

or cowardly enough, to put it in practice. But it is not doubtful at all that, if put in practice, this rule of action would speedily reduce human life to a condition of squalid slavery, where the better and more conscientious, as well as the weaker and more helpless, men and women alike, would be the degraded slaves of the brutal, the lustful, the unscrupulous.

It is doubtful whether anyone, driving this principle of complete non-resistance, whether for oneself or for others, to its logical and inevitable conclusion, would have the courage to advocate it, to put it into practice. Yet there are people, perhaps a great many, who still believe in their hearts that this, or something like it, is ideal Christianity, the final purpose of Jesus, the logical outcome of the Sermon on the Mount. Therefore it is now pertinent to inquire whether this be true: whether Jesus did in fact, by precept or by practice, teach such non-resistance as amounts to an unconditional surrender to the powers of evil, with the hope that the powers of evil will thereby be converted to good.

An unconditional surrender to the powers of evil. There is the kernel of the matter. And it is evident that the advocates of the anarchistic theory we have described either shut their eyes to the existence of active, purposeful evil in the world, or hold that, in fact, no such active evil exists in human nature; that men are naturally good, except where unjust laws make them wicked. We may, therefore, ask ourselves at the outset whether Jesus recognized the presence of active forces of evil, as distinct from the merely natural forces, such as flood and fire, storm and earthquake, which are so often fatal to human happiness. Did Jesus recognize and teach the existence of active evil?

The most direct answer is found in the story of his own temptation in the wilderness, a narrative which must come direct from the Master himself. In that temptation, he not only recognized, but met and conquered the power of evil, in a conflict which was unquestionably real and of tremendous moment. Let us suppose that, listening to the voice of the Tempter, Jesus had accepted the bribe of "the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them," as payment for worship of the power of evil; what a terrible result on the world's history must have followed. And it must be remembered that, time and again, during his mission, the same temptation came back to him. Enthusiastic and patriotic Jews were willing, not only to recognize in him the Messiah, the Anointed One, but "to take him by force and make him a king," the leader of an anti-Roman revolution in Palestine. Can we doubt what would have been the result? Given the Master's power turned to this end, acting through the instrumentality of war and politics, and world-

empire would have been inevitable. We can find no leader in history, no leader of armies, who could have competed against him. Even in his parables, he thinks and speaks as a consummate general: "Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?" Can one doubt the result, if the Master himself, with his piercing insight, his powers of organization and discipline, his sway over multitudes, had been in the place of the king in his parable?

Not only in the narrative of the temptation in the wilderness, but everywhere throughout his teaching, the Master explicitly recognizes not only the existence of active forces of evil, but the constant operation of these forces in human life. It is he who gives to the conscious direction of this evil power the title "the prince, or, principle, of this world." And one may say with justice that not only was the whole mission of Jesus, from his baptism by John to his crucifixion, a conscious war against the active forces of evil, but that it was, further, a war carried on with precisely those powers which make a great general: the foresight, the patience, the endurance, the audacity, of a great military genius.

There is wonderful beauty and pathos and dramatic force in the opening of the campaign, immediately after the temptation in the wilderness, as recorded in the third gospel: "And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears. . . ."

To heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And what was the instant result of this appeal of fiery love? What response did the men of his own city make to it, they who had known him from childhood; in whose synagogue, it would seem, it was his custom to read the lesson, week after week? What was the response, on the testimony of the same recorder? This was the response: "And all they in the synagogue,

when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong . . ."

There is no more tremendous scene in history than that; no event which so clearly marks the line between the two views; on the one hand, the anarchistic fancy that all men are innately good, and that righteousness has only to show itself, to be accepted; and, on the other, the stern and terrible truth that righteousness, when it does flash forth clear as the sunlight, has this result: it lashes the active forces of evil into fury. That is what we see in the whole course of Jesus' mission: not an unbroken victory for gentleness and mercy, but, on the contrary, a ceaseless raging against him of active forces of evil. We have quoted an instance from the opening of his ministry. Here is one from the central period of his mission: "Then said the Jews unto him, Now we know that thou hast a devil. Abraham is dead, and the prophets; and thou sayest, If a man keep my saying, he shall never taste of death. Art thou greater than our father Abraham, which is dead, and the prophets are dead: whom makest thou thyself? Jesus answered, If I honour myself, my honour is nothing: it is my Father that honoureth me; of whom ye say, that he is your God: yet ye have not known him; but I know him: and if I should say, I know him not, I shall be a liar like unto you: but I know him, and keep his saying. Your Father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad. Then said the Jews unto him, Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am. Then took they up stones to cast at him. . . ."

One more example, this time from the closing act of the majestic tragedy: "Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified. And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified. When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it. Then answered all the people, and said, His blood be upon us, and on our children."

Is it not clear that the role of the pacificist was played, in this splendid and sombre drama, not by Jesus, but by—Pilate? It is he who, having the physical force at his disposal, refused to use it; refused to interpose, in protection, not of himself, but of one whom he held to be innocent, and who was threatened with violence. Pilate held his hand, put into practice the principle of non-resistance, and—thereby gained a fame that is undying. And we may hold that the part played

by Pilate is the part played by every one who, whether in the name of principle, or through cowardice masquerading as principle, refrains from protecting, if necessary even to the shedding of blood, any innocent person threatened with violent wrong. To such will directly apply, in every such case, the Master's penetrating words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

It is Pilate, therefore, not Jesus, who is the exemplar of the pacificist doctrine. Jesus must have recognized, and did recognize, that the effect of his teaching was, not to fill the hearts of those who heard it with peace, but, so far as they hardened their hearts against him, to lash them into frenzy; to arouse in them such impulses of violence as led them to try to stone him, to cast him over a precipice. Here, then, comes the test of the pacificist theory, as applied to Jesus. When he was forced to recognize the clear fact that his teaching had this provocative effect, that it lead instantly to violence, to attempted murder, did he hold his peace? Did he take refuge in prudent silence, trusting that his virtue would make its way by radiation, by induction, insensibly winning all hearts by its inherent loveliness? For we must look the question squarely in the face. To follow a course which inevitably provokes violence, when one knows that violence will result, is to use violence. It is an act of war.

The answer is, that, through the whole course of his mission, Jesus used words that he knew were provocative; words absolutely certain to arouse hate, and to lash that hate to frenzy. Take this speech, recorded by the apostle of love: "Jesus saith unto them, If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham. But now ye seek to kill me, a man that hath told you the truth, which I have heard of God: this did not Abraham. Ye do the deeds of your father. Then said they unto him, We be not born of fornication; we have one father, even God. Jesus said unto them, If God were your Father, ye would love me: for I proceeded forth and came from God: neither came I of myself, but he sent me. Why do ye not understand my speech? even because ye cannot hear my word. Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do: he was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it. . . . Then answered the Jews, and said unto him, Say we not well that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?"

It would be impossible to conceive of language more provocative than that which the Master here uses. It is war and nothing less than war. We hold that he is here but putting into practice the words—

so startling in the mouth of him who is called the Prince of Peace—already quoted, "I came not to send peace, but a sword . . . I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled?" This is war, an active, aggressive war against active forces of evil, and, as has been said, the Master's whole mission was planned and carried on aggressively, like a campaign. None the less a campaign, because he himself did not draw the sword. The soldier who, in an attack upon the trenches, throws himself upon the bayonets of the enemy, so that the second line may attack the more effectively, is not less a warrior than he of the second line who profits by his sacrifice. And precisely such a sacrifice as this, was the death of the Master. It was an act, not of peace, but of war; an act, not of submission, but of aggression, of daring valour against active forces of evil.

What then of the Sermon on the Mount and the message of peace? The Sermon on the Mount is likewise, if we can see it, a forward move in that campaign against evil; a manual of discipline, teaching the soldiers of the Master certain lessons, without which they cannot fight effectively. It is impossible to conquer others, unless we have first conquered ourselves. It is impossible to command, unless we have first learned to obey. These very lessons, self-conquest and obedience, are the subject matter of the Sermon on the Mount. Then, as now, they are indispensable to the discipline of the soldier; not only, be it understood, the "soldier of the Cross," in the more conventional sense, but the soldier of regiment and battalion; the soldier of rifle and bayonet. He must positively give his life, to the uttermost, before he can rightly take his place on the battle-line; before he can rightly join in a charge. And, far from unfitting men for conflict, the Sermon on the Mount is an unsurpassed manual of training for the soldier. At this moment, in the great world war, they are the best soldiers, who have best learned its lessons, and who follow them, not in word but in deed and in truth, whether they have the least inkling that they are in fact the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount or no. Indeed, we may fearlessly say that those who believe that the precepts of that Sermon lead to pacificism, have never tried to put them into effect. A little practical experience of them will demonstrate that they are the rules of war.

Even by their position in the first gospel, the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are evidently the preparation, the drill, for the active campaign which was shortly committed to the Twelve; that campaign in which their password was, "I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves"—the beginning of an injunction which ends thus: "The brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child: and

the children shall rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death. And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: but he that endureth to the end shall be saved." The Master clearly foresaw that, for his disciples, as for himself, the immediate result would be, not peace but the sword, the fire kindled upon the earth. And the most courageous of the disciples frankly applies to himself and his fellows the terms of war: "Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier. . . . For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

It seems evident, then, that, however great, even infinite, his power, the Master could not use that power, throughout his mission, except in accordance with the laws of human life. He could not compel men to be holy, just and good; more than that, his very persuasion, his most touching and penetrating appeals, where they were not obeyed with answering love, did not fall ineffective, but on the contrary lashed those who heard them into murderous fury. And in the face of that steadily growing fury, the Master carried on his war, and to that fury he sacrificed his life, exactly as does the soldier who throws himself upon the bayonet of the enemy. Neither the Master's death nor his rising again from the dead, altered the conditions of his warfare, or made it possible for him to wield his power, except in accordance with the laws of life. And never for a moment, from the hour of the Crucifixion to the present hour, has the conflict ceased, the war waged incessantly against the active forces of evil.

It has often been said, by many who share the opinion of Count Tolstoi, that the primitive virtue of Christ's teaching was corrupted by the Emperor Constantine, when he gave the Christian religion a place in the state; when, in fact, he allied it with military power. It may, on the contrary, be maintained that, in doing this, Constantine brought Christianity closer to the Master's ideal; that he openly infused into it something of that soldierly spirit which the Master so conspicuously represents. But that spirit had never been absent. The spirit of the martyrs was not pacifist but warlike; martyrdom is an act of violence, an act of war. And we cannot doubt that those who fought to defend Christendom against organized attempts to destroy it, whether at the battle of Tours, or in the hundred combats with militant Mahometanism, were but putting into practice the same martyr spirit, with just such change and adaptation as the new circumstances required.

The ideal of the Master is not passivity and supine non-interference, in face of wrong and violence to others; it is, on the contrary,

tremendously active, creative, virile, soldierly. And we are profoundly convinced that, at each stage of world history,—and this is true of the present hour—the Master's ideal may, and should, be defended by fire and sword. The active forces of evil, of bare-faced treachery, of brutal cruelty, of malignant destructiveness, are as furiously opposed to his work now, as they were before the Passion. Where these forces of evil embody themselves in human form, and take up fire and sword to destroy, then the Master's cause is best served by fighting fire with fire; by sword and bayonet and quick-firing gun. These, at such a conjuncture, are the true armour of righteousness.

"It is very true that men write and say often what a curse war is. But they ought to consider how much greater is that curse which is averted by war. Briefly, in the business of war men must not regard the massacres, the burnings, the battles, and the marches, etc.—that is what the petty and simple do who only look with the eyes of children at the surgeon, how he cuts off the hand or saws off the leg, but do not see or notice that he does it in order to save the whole body. Thus we must look at the business of war or the sword with the eyes of men, asking, Why these murders and horrors? It will be shown that it is a business, divine in itself, and as needful and necessary to the world as eating or drinking or any other work."

MARTIN LUTHER.

FRAGMENTS

There is but one way that a man shall live, and it is this: To face the circumstances of his life, whatever they may mean of sorrow, pain, or renunciation, and in the midst of them courageously and cheerfully to fulfil his duty and carve out his destiny. Upon the footsteps of such a man the angels wait, and all the divine powers of the universe acknowledge his commands. When a man has been able to master his own heart, and at the behest of duty has put aside that which is dearest, that man has conquered the world.

* * * * * * * *

As that star blazes out on the night sky, so should your life shine in the material world about you; pointing the way, for those who can see it, to where the Christ may be found.

* * * * * * * *

"Drop all this anxious turmoil; drop this seeking and striving. Fix your eyes on me and be at peace.

"The gift of the heart is the supreme gift—the gift which I desire.

"Turn from the lesser things which bewilder and distress you in their multitude and complexity, and quiet your mind and emotions in this supreme act of concentration,—in this outpouring of love, in whose light all life shall be illumined.

"Life is simple and sweet, O beloved child; hold fast to that faith. Let no complexity of outer things, no suffering of the heart, turn you from this faith. At times you have realized this in much fullness: these times will come again if you make them possible. The mind turns its spiral, revolving upon itself, as night follows day. Accept these changes in peaceful trust, as part of the great universal plan which evolves to higher conditions; as part of what you are. Accept circumstances as you find them. Accept the changing moods of your mind and heart. But keep yourself still in them all, and at their center. There is the fountain of eternal youth, the spring of immortality, and life and peace forever. You must feel and know and express them all."

CAVÉ.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

ONE of my American friends has told me that shortly after the late Professor William James had published the penetrating series of Gifford lectures which he delivered here upon the *Varieties of Religious Experience,* his colleague at Harvard College, Professor Santyana, congratulated him upon having performed his task so thoroughly that further "religious slumming" would be unnecessary for decades to come. James accepted the congratulations with the genial urbanity that never failed him, but, as they parted, he said to the friend who was with him: How characteristic that was of Santyana's "white marble mind."

This little incident typifies more than two sharply contrasted temperaments. It is indicative of the attitude of each of the two chief schools of religious inquiry toward the work and methods of the other: the ever present contrast between the immanent and the transcendent view of the infinite Spirit of Being. Perhaps the greatest intellectual achievement of the last half century is the conclusive demonstration that these two views, sharply contrasted though they are, are yet so far from being contradictory as to be mutually dependent and supplementary, so that whatever is infinite must be marked by these two inseparable characteristics of immanence and transcendence. Yet when men come to think about the spirit, it is rare that they are able to preserve the broad and balanced mind that gives equal recognition to each of its great aspects. One or the other is given dominance. Their thought focusses upon some world to come, upon a "light that never was on sea or land," upon the life of the transcendent spirit, unclogged and uncoloured by matter or by the weaknesses and passions of our common humanity; or else they become immanists, and look for the eternal only in the temporal, for the Spirit of Being only within the walls of one of its dwellings,—in external nature, or in the emotions and experiences of the heart and mind of man.

In the Theosophical Society, more commonly than elsewhere, the value of each method of approach is recognized. We should have missed the central significance of the Christian teaching of the Incarnation, and of the eastern doctrine of the existence of Masters, if we fancied that we could know the full life of the spirit by studying only the life of unillumined and unperfected humanity; and, on the other hand, we should have failed as wholly to grasp the lesson of evolution if we fancied that we had any other means of entering this full

life, and of giving reality and expression to our vision of the ideal, than by the growth and development of the life that is already ours. Therefore, side by side with our study of the great of soul, of the free movement of the spirit, and of all that we should like to be, we have need to study the first conscious stirrings of the soul within ourselves,—not in the "white marble" courts of clear, cold logic, but in the cluttered, homely cottage of our hearts, and in the clogged and hampered movement of our wills. "Religious slumming," as Santyana called it, can never be completed or made needless.

It was for this reason, among others, that recently, when I had occasion to write to the editor of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, I took advantage of the opportunity to express the very high value I set upon the series of personal experiences which were being published under the title of "Why I Joined the Theosophical Society." They gave the original material, the first hand testimony to the workings of a spiritual vitality, which are as priceless to the genuine student of religion as are private journals and contemporary letters to the historian. In each case the material may have been coloured by personal temperament and bias, or by ignorance of what was actually taking place behind the scenes; but in each case also, the documents are unquestionably first hand and genuine, and represent honestly the facts as they were seen and interpreted by the writer. After having testified to the interest and help I had myself received from these articles, I was in no position to refute the editor's argument, which I received with characteristic promptness by the next trans-Atlantic post, that I should at least try to give to others what they had given me. The editor's requests are never easy to refuse—if they were, I doubt whether the QUARTERLY could have secured such a series—and so I, too, have now to look back over many years, and try to trace the awakening of the consciousness and the workings of the spirit that led me to the Theosophical Society.

If I am to begin where others have, as it seems to me of value to do, I must go far back. I had been brought up in the Church of England, as a child attending its services as a matter of course, and being confirmed at a fairly early age largely because it was expected of me; our Vicar representing that it was time I relieved my parents of the obligation of my baptismal vows, which must rest either upon them or upon me. It seemed to me only fair that, of the two, they should rest upon me; and this was the reason I gave my mind for taking a step whose seriousness I felt but shrank from facing. It is obvious that it was not a religious attitude, and looking back upon it now I can see it as the mental pose it was. Inwardly I blamed the Vicar for putting what I instinctively felt to be so momentous, upon such a low basis. Yet mentally I welcomed the excuse for letting it mean no more to me than this: the taking upon my own shoulders of a responsibility that had, without will of mine, been incurred in my name. Presented in this way, it seemed to leave me no choice as to what I should do; and I think

that, without this sense of compulsion, I should never have been able to take the confirmation vows. I did not want to be religious, and the Church had never drawn me.

But if religion, in its ordinary meaning, was something which I wished to escape rather than to embrace, it was at least partly because of my recognition of the sacred and solemn obligations that it entailed; and if my parents had not succeeded in making me desire these, they had given me something which was not a wholly bad substitute. They had imbued me with a very real devotion to the ideal of chivalry and *noblesse oblige*. Holiness was a word which left me cold, for I knew no more of its meaning than do the majority of boys. But loyalty and honour were living realities: realities which I at least wished to prefer to my own life or anything which that life could bring; and when, in little or in big, I turned or fell away from my own concept of them—as day after day I did in one thing or another—I was ashamed and miserable. I doubt whether any memory of my childhood is more persistent than this of constantly recurring shame and the repeated renewal of my resolve to be true to my ideal in the days ahead.

I read and reread all the stories of chivalry that I could find, and, as a child will, identified myself with one or another of the great figures of knighthood, trying to feel as they felt, to live my boy's life in its circumstances as they lived their man's life in their circumstances. It led me into many Quixotic situations, laughable enough in retrospect, but sometimes painfully embarrassing to the supersensitiveness of a boy. Yet I count it one of the great blessing of my life that this ideal should have so early gained its hold upon me, and sustained that hold through all the restless cravings of adolescence. It was the load star to which the oscillating needle of my imagination always returned: the standard by which all that was mean or low or cowardly or unclean in my desires or actions was revealed in its true light, so that I could not rest or crystallize around them.

As I grew older, and my mind began to question, I remember wondering why, in this reading of chivalry, the Quest of the Grail made so small an impression upon me, and how I came to choose my heroes as I did. From all the circle of the Round Table it was not Sir Gallahad or Sir Percival that I wished to be, nor yet King Arthur or Launcelot—though all my heart went out to Launcelot. It was Garwaith of the White Hands that I became, when, through the long summer days, I played at knighthood: Garwaith or Bayard or Ogier the Dane or Roland or Oliver. But of them all Oliver was the closest to me. It was something more than play to play at being Oliver. There was the sense of his honour being in my hands, and, curiously persistent, the sense that his faults must be corrected in me. I never saw or thought of the faults of Ogier or of Bayard. I doubt whether I even now know what they were. But Oliver's faults I saw, even as a boy; and though I never spoke of them, and would have denied them hotly had anyone

else spoken of them, they seemed to rest on me for correction. Many years later it was a matter of no small interest to me to discover that my experience here was not unique, but that among my fellows in the Theosophical Society there was quite literally "a Roland for my Oliver."

From my tenth to my nineteenth year I think it would be difficult to overestimate the part played in my life by this ideal of chivalry. I could not and did not talk of it. But perhaps it was all the more effective for having to operate in silence. Side by side with it, inextricably interwoven with it, was the feeling that somewhere there was waiting for me a cause or a person, a task or an ideal, in which or in whom I would find the meaning and fulfilment of my life, and to which all I was or could become must be given and was due. I did not know what it would be or what it would mean. But I was possessed by the conviction that it would demand the best of me, and that I must come to it strong and with clean hands. It made each act of weakness or littleness seem treachery.

I cannot now tell when this feeling first became associated and symbolized for me in the vision of a face, of which I had been recurringly conscious from so early in my boyhood that I cannot trace its beginning. I could then never see it wholly clearly. Its features seemed wrapped in the dusk of twilight, though they brought a sense of familiarity as close and ancient as with my own soul. Only the eyes and the expression were luminous and clear. I do not know how to describe this, and perhaps it is of small value to try, but I have thought of it when I have seen a friend's face and eyes light suddenly with a smile or with some new formed purpose. It is as though the face of flesh were but the shadow of an inner face of living, luminous feeling. Almost at will I could bring this face before my mind's eye, and so I came to think of it, or to explain it to myself, as a product of my imagination. But often it would come to me without any conscious act or will of mine. I would see it in my dreams at night, or find it with me when I rose from studying. Always it was the same face; always it seemed to call and wait for me; sometimes smiling, but more often with a depth of sadness that I could scarcely bear to see. No power of my imagination could change this expression. It was what it was. So that, though my mind told me it was but fancy, in my heart I knew that it was not, but that somewhere in God's wide universe there was one who was as the soul of my soul, and in loyalty and love for whom my life must find its meaning and its purpose.

This is the best picture that I can give of such inner life as I had while a boy: imaginative, supersensitive, lonely; endlessly falling from the ideal which possessed me, shamed by weakness and a sense of treachery that I could not explain, yet ardently desirous of being strong and true; constantly, eagerly seeking for I knew not what, but for what I knew must sometime come; emotional and impulsive, but with a certain inner touchstone and point of fixity that prevented my

being long deluded by their glamour or swept away by their tides. I have tried to draw this picture—and to draw it with a frankness that would be as impossible as it would be indecent, if to my readers I were to be anything more than exhibit 17 in a long series of human documents—because in it may be traced the early movement of those forces which drew me to the Theosophical Society. As Krishna promises to Arjuna, in the sixth book of the Bhagavad Gita, "Even without any wish of his own, will he be taken in hand by his former effort," so was I led through my boyhood.

But true though this picture is, it needs to be further supplemented if it is not to be misleading. Over against this inner life stood my mental and outer life. Of the outer life I need say little. I had the high spirits and eager zest for living, as well as most of the likes and dislikes, of other healthy boys, save that, neither at school nor later at the University could I be one of "a set." I could play with my schoolmates and work with them, but I could never be one of them. I never could feel we belonged together, and I found more real companionship with my horses and dogs than, as a boy, I ever found with my fellows. Mentally my tastes, and such aptitudes as I possessed, ran to science, in which I had given some signs of promise and had early obtained some small success, as both botanically and geologically our neighborhood had unusual features of considerable interest. My mind was cold, logical and argumentative, and I could lose myself in its problems for days or weeks at a time. It was the one opiate I had found which could still the restless craving of my nature, and I used it as such. Like other opiates, the habit grew with use and cut both ways; so that my mind became my refuge from both the greater good and the greater evil in my nature.

So far as I can remember, I had never heard of Theosophy, or known any member of the Society, until I met the one who has been friend and teacher to me from that day to this. There are some dreams through which we pass as with a double consciousness. We are both actor and spectator, and look upon the scene with our own proper level gaze and also as from a height, seeing the personal self as externally and impersonally as we see the setting of the stage. My memory of that first meeting is marked by the same sense of dual consciousness. I see myself drawing aside the portiers and standing for a moment looking into the room where my hosts sat with two others, who, as I, were paying a social call upon new neighbors. After more than a quarter of a century I can still see each detail of that room, the shaded lamps, the glowing fire, the play of shadow on the walls. I can see my host turn and rise, and can feel again the sudden leaping forth of something in my heart or soul as my eyes met those of the one who has led me the long road that I have travelled. Quite literally it took my breath away—and I did not in the least understand it. The situation was in no way extraordinary. Those before me were but

new neighbors, friends of my friends; yet after that first uprushing in my heart, there seemed to fall such a silence as should precede the judgment and the doom of nations. I know there was no silence,—no pause of more than the fraction of a second,—no gaucherie. Yet in feeling then, and in memory now, it is as though time had stopped, and this cross section of it held static and unchanging, till some unknown judgment and invisible work should be passed and wrought.

Of the remainder of that call I have little recollection. I know I enjoyed myself, and that I found myself much drawn to my new neighbors. Finding, also, that we shared certain hobbies, that afternoon was but the first of many that we spent together.

After some months I heard that my new acquaintances were "theosophists." I do not recall how I gathered my first impressions of what this word meant, but they were concerned chiefly with "astral bodies," table rapping, spiritualism, and psychic phenomena. It was all very vague and hazy, and I was content to leave it so; though, my attention once called to Theosophy, I began to notice newspaper and other references to it. Almost always it was referred to with ridicule. From my new friends, for such my neighbors had now become, I heard nothing of Theosophy. They did not speak of it, nor did I. I think my attitude would have been the same had I heard that they were Seventh Day Adventists, or Mahomedans. I should have wished to have respected their faith and not to have trespassed with impertinent questions.

It was fully a year before it occurred to me that there was any special or direct connection between Theosophy and that intangible sense of deeper reality which I found in my friends' presence, and which drew and held me far more strongly than I at first realized. Our common hobby, and their unusual personal charm and kindness to me, seemed so much more than sufficient to account for the pleasure their hospitality and friendship gave, that it was some time before I looked any further or deeper. But again and again, as I left their home, or passed it on my rides, there would come to me a feeling that I can only describe as homesickness—so sharp and poignant that it could bring the tears to my eyes. My mind, being quite sane, told me that this was utterly asinine. I was not an hysterical school girl, but a grown man; and to wish to cry—and not to know what one was crying about—was as ridiculous a performance as anyone could be guilty of. Nevertheless, I was guilty of it; and it was the same feeling that I had known many times from my boyhood when I would let my heart open to the indescribable haunting call in the eyes of the face that seemed to rise unbidden from my memory or imagination. In my later reading I have seen it described as the nostalgia of the soul: the homesickness that wells up overpoweringly in the heart of an exile when some unexpected chord awakens the memories of his own land, and which nature itself can give us when we are alone with it, under the stars at night, or watching the last dying colours of an autumn sunset

across the brown of silent fields. I began to question, and to wonder. What was it that so drew and held me? Why did I feel for these comparatively new acquaintances a closeness and intimate "at-homeness" as though I had known them always, and which I had never felt for anyone? With them I was myself, and my best and whole self. With all others I was but some part of myself. Why? I had no answer then. But the question remained.

In the two years that followed, our friendship deepened. I told them of my ignorance of Theosophy and began to ask about it. They lent me books. *Light on the Path* was the first. In it I found the same inner claim upon my heart and self that I had felt and accorded to my friends. I did not understand it, and it told me little of what I thought I wanted to know, but it compelled a deeper assent than any which the mind alone can give. I wished, however, that I knew more clearly what it was to which I was assenting. *The Voice of the Silence* I could scarcely understand at all, and I thought its meter mostly bad,—though there were isolated sentences which seemed to me both beautiful and profound, and which would haunt me for days together, till, little by little, they came to mean much to me. Then there were Mr. Sinnett's two books, *The Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism,* and Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy.* These three were interesting enough, but they aroused nearly every mental and scientific prejudice I possessed; and if there were any which these books left still sleeping they were later waked to life by Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine,* which I simply could not read, and which, I should say in justice to my friends' perception of my limitations, they had not asked me to read.

Despite this, however, I found myself attracted by the two fundamental doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. They seemed to me very interesting hypotheses. The more I thought about them, the more interesting they appeared; though I deemed them both unproved, and, in my initial conceit, unprovable. The theory of the perfectibility of man, the existence of a hierarchy stretching as far above us as we consider ourselves above the beetles, seemed to me wholly reasonable and probable, as a corollary to the theory of evolution. *A priori,* however, it did not appear more likely that such beings should communicate directly with us than that we should communicate with the beetles, and the evidence here adduced for such communication seemed singularly trivial and unconvincing. It was this, perhaps more than anything else, which offended me in Mr. Sinnett's books: the mass of assertion unsupported by what seemed to me adequate evidence, the many breaks in the logical chain, and the almost vulgar triviality of some of the phenomena which instantly awakened suspicion.

It must be remembered that at this time I was wholly ignorant of the great body of mystical literature, and of the records which, from every age and race, and with a unanimity unequalled in the evidence for any other fact in history, testify to the intercourse between man

and the divine life above him. All of this was unknown to me, so that I had nothing with which to supplement Mr. Sinnett's deficiencies. I also then lacked the experience, as painful as illuminating, of having had what purported to be my own views and opinions retailed by another incapable of either appreciating or understanding them. In consequence, I did not distinguish between Mr. Sinnett's report and what was there to be reported; and so these presentations of the intellectual and philosophic side of Theosophy repelled rather more than they attracted me. They roused my mind to question, argument and opposition. But beneath my mind, acting directly on my heart and on some inner seat of my truer self, there was a constant, silent appeal, or, perhaps more accurately, a constant silent pressure—like the pressure of the vital forces acting within a planted seed—which little by little grew in power and dominance.

The more I reflect upon the three years that intervened between my first meeting with these friends and my joining the Theosophical Society, the more grateful I am for the wisdom and patience of their reticence. They never attempted to "convert" me; and though I know now that their inner recognition of me was as instantaneous and far more conscious than my recognition of them, they were content to wait till I should grow into myself and until my time of wakening should come.

Difficult as it has been to describe the early, submerged workings of the spirit in my life, I find it still more difficult to tell of its rise to clear consciousness. In my outer life, new and serious responsibilities had devolved upon me; and the path which I had thought to follow, and which at first seemed open and clear, had become confused and doubtful. I had reached a parting of the ways and could not go on until I had faced myself and made my choice. It was a choice which meant everything to me, outwardly determinative of all my future, inwardly involving all I understood by loyalty and honour, yet in an issue so dark to my understanding that even loyalty and honour seemed arrayed against themselves. Here, in what had been the very citadel and stronghold of my moral being, I found myself suddenly at war. It was the eternal battle between the spirit and the form, the reality and the appearance. But it was hard to see it so at first; and though, through God's mercy, I chose aright, I had to choose in darkness and in doubt, and only later gained the light to see it as it was.

One effect of the decision to which this crisis led, was that I did not go up to London as I had expected, but remained in the country, devoting myself to some scientific papers I was engaged upon, and spending much of such leisure as these left me with my "theosophist" friends. In the course of the next few months I completed the work I had in hand, and was more free than I had been to spend my time as I chose. What put it into my mind I do not know, certainly it was wholly foreign to all my former habits, but I laid out a definite regimen

for myself, covering regular hours of sleep, reading, and physical exercise. For perhaps a year past, I had tried intermittently to add a brief period for meditation to my morning and evening prayers, but had obtained little result from my efforts. Now I determined to give more time, not to what I understood by meditation, but to reflection, and to the attempt to become acquainted with the reality of my own being and the depths of my own heart, still troubled by the crisis through which I had passed.

For some weeks, following out this regimen, my life was as regular as though I had been in training for the Olympic games or had been living in a monastery, save that for an hour or two each evening I gave myself the pleasure of being with my friends. For my reading I had chosen the American philosopher, Emerson, whose teaching is so often pure Theosophy that I could even then recognize it, and we would talk over together one or another of his essays, or, more intimately, some of the new things I was beginning to discover in my own consciousness. Many times as I walked home at night from such talks as these, it seemed to me as though some dead weight were lifted in my mind—some rock rolled back from the entrance to the tomb of self—and a passage opened through which my life was flooded by the great, silent, breathing life of worlds and planets and interstellar space. I seemed to be drawn close to the brooding heart of Being: to some vast region, so still, so sacred, that all thought was silenced, and even the prayer of my own heart was hushed in waiting unison. All this was above or beyond my mind: in the quiet of my mind. But when I came back to ordinary mental consciousness and activity it was with a sense of having touched not only deeper reality, but also truer knowledge. It is a task beyond my power, to describe this—as I know of no way of describing a sense, whether of touch or taste or vision, save in its own terms. And this was a sense of knowledge, not a thought; not a definite thing known, but knowledge itself contacted. Perhaps its nearest analogue in my ordinary experience is when I have worked long, over days or months, on some complicated problem in my science, and finally have hit upon the key, the simple, unformulated law, which brings harmony from discord and order out of chaos, then, though there is at that moment no conscious application of this key to a single detail, there is yet the sense of the solution, the sense of knowledge. Here, where the mind was left behind, where no thing was known, was the sense of life itself. As with my problems,—the working out of details, the transmutation of knowledge into consciousness of things known, had to be a later labour.

Little by little however, this transmutation was taking place, and without conscious labour on my part. Elements of feeling long submerged; passages from the Gospels, from *Light on the Path*, the *Gita*, or *Voice of the Silence;* points from the conversation of my friends, and, even more markedly, the contagion of their general outlook upon life:

these things which my mind had rejected had nevertheless been claimed and nourished by some deeper center of myself, and now rose to consciousness in new groupings and with new significance, no longer in their first strange and foreign guise, but with the seal and signet of my soul's assent. Intermingling with these, and bearing the same curious sense of having risen from my own inmost being, as memories of a forgotten past, there would come to my mind pictures and impressions of places, people, and events that I had certainly never seen or experienced in the waking consciousness of this life. Something of the same sort I had, as I have said, been familiar with from my childhood, and I have mentioned, also, the inexplicable sense of "at-homeness" which I had felt with my friends from the very beginning of our acquaintance. But now these phenomena became more marked and persistent. The pictures of scenes and of places began to fit one into another, like the elements of a dissected map or the pieces of a picture puzzle. And though I had no clue to their total, collective significance, and there were great gaps that I could not bridge, yet here and there they would interlock, and I could trace, beyond some break, the same recurring lines. With my friends, also, again and again as we sat and talked, or rode together over our northern moors, which I had known as the palm of my own hand since I was a toddling boy, I would wake to a sudden sense of contrast, as of the presence of some strange and unfamiliar feature in what was otherwise as old and familiar as life itself. And the startling thing was this: in the consciousness of that moment, that which was familiar and old was not these moors of mine and my family's for generations back, but was that I should be riding so, bridle to bridle, with these friends, of whom I had not heard a short three years before; and what was unfamiliar and strange were the clothes we wore, and the very look of land and sea and sky that I had looked out upon from the day that I was born. Under the pressure of a deeper and more ancient tie than that of home or race or country, the center of my consciousness was shifting, and the soul's memories waking into life.

Up to this point the process of my waking was, as I have tried to indicate, a very slow and gradual one, taking place, for the most part, beneath my mind and against its opposition. I can only liken it to the slow and reluctant rousing of yourself to consciousness from the late half-sleep of morning, when you have continued dozing through the growing light, and the mind, though clinging to its dreams, is still vaguely conscious of its surroundings. If tired, or slothful, you may continue in this state for many minutes—provided there be no unusual movement in the room. But if someone enter unexpectedly, you instantly find yourself awake; perhaps still drugged by sleep, but certainly fully conscious of your own identity. This is what now happened to me. Into the room where my soul dozed so unconscionably late, one entered, and woke me to consciousness of self.

Though in this analogy, I have, of course, likened my ordinary personal consciousness to the consciousness of dreams, and the vague memories of my soul to the dim, intermittent awareness of material realities that penetrates our dreams, yet it was actually through physical sleep and dreams,—or, more truly, through what lies beyond dreams,—that the waking of my soul occurred. On the night of one of the major anniversaries of my life, I became suddenly aware, from deep and dreamless sleep, of one standing by my bed and looking at me. It was dark night, midnight or after, yet the whole room was luminous with his presence, so that I could see him, and all that the room contained, with noonday clearness. But it was his eyes which drew and held mine, and which I instantly recognized. Then he smiled and spoke to me. But in the morning I could remember no word of what he said.

In the nights that followed I had a series of dreams, bridging time and space to an ancient age and land. I moved familiarly along the well known way to meet the one I knew awaited me, the one whose face and eyes had called me from my boyhood. Only now the features were no longer obscured in shadow, but were shining with the same light that used only to irradiate their expression; and it was no longer only a face, but the full and perfect presence of the one closest of all souls to my soul,—save only the Master. In these dreams I lived over again event after event of that long past life, in which, as in the prelude to one of Wagner's operas, were struck the motif chords of all that was to come. And I recognized this. I recognized the scenes and places of which distant memories had risen to my waking consciousness. I recognized my age-old comrades, with a recognition that was sometimes only of the past, but which, in other instances, was also of the present; so that of these ancient friends of my soul I knew who some were in the outer life today,—and among these were my "new" friends, who had introduced me to Theosophy. There were, perhaps, at that time, some five or six different dreams of this character, all dealing with the same incarnation, and fitting into the gaps and supplying missing pieces in the puzzle-picture of my memory. But more than this, running through them, as some Greek chorus telling of the meaning of the scene that was enacted, was the consciousness of their application to my present life. The prayer that I had prayed in that old time was still the deepest truth of my soul. It had not died or been forgotten, but here despite the many thousand years, was still granted me in sovereign generosity.

These dreams were spread over a period of something like a week or ten days. Then again, as at the beginning, there came a night when I woke from dreamless sleep to the presence of the one who had first visited me. All was as before, the room made light as noonday, and as before, he stood beside my bed and looked at me. But now he bore under his arm a rather large book, bound in some rough hide from which the hair had not been wholly removed. Again he spoke to me,

and bending down opened the book and held it before me so that I could read. I thus read several pages, he turning over the leaves as I finished each; and what I read made clear to me the whole course of my life and the meaning of the crisis through which I had passed, and of the ancient prayer that I had prayed and prayed again through many lives, and of what lay before me in my life in the world today. Then there came a passage to which he pointed with his finger; and as he pointed I saw that the writing here was italicized and stood out boldly from the rest of the page. Almost it seemed as though this happened as he pointed, and that it had not been so before. But I at least knew that this was italicized for me, and that I was to note it well and remember, for it concerned the path I was to travel. Yet in the morning, though the feeling of this passage remained, I could not remember its words nor formulate its meaning in words of my own. But my way had been made clear to me; and my memory retained, in broad but true outline, the course my life must follow, and which, through the more than quarter of a century that has elapsed from that day to this, it has followed and is still following.

I joined the Theosophical Society because in it I found those to whom the love, the loyalty, and the service of my soul were due; because through it lay the Master's answer to my soul's prayer, the way of his appointing, the life for which I had been born, and the work that I had come to do. I joined the Theosophical Society because I belonged in it, and because it was impossible for me, once wakened, to do otherwise.

K. C. M. D.

That which was best for us in the past moment is no longer best for us, for it is stripped of the will of God, which has passed on to other things from which it creates for us the duty of the present moment; and it is this duty, under whatever appearance it is manifested, which will now most perfectly sanctify our souls.—Abandonment: Rev. J. P. de Caussade, S. J.

GENGHIS KHAN

IT is a striking fact that in the majority of works on thirteenth century history almost no mention is made of what one writer declares to be "the most stupendous fact of the century"—the activity of the Mongol tribes of central Asia under the leadership of Genghis Khan. With the history of Europe at the time we are all more or less familiar; St. Francis is perhaps the best known figure of the period; the war against heretics and the work of the Inquisition, the darkest blot. Four of the crusades had been unsuccessfully waged, bringing to the Pope, who had exercised the power of summoning all Christendom to his banner, the virtual suzerainty of Europe both spiritual and military. Indeed, the Papacy under Innocent III. had reached, at the beginning of the century, the summit of its power, and Frederick II. was already beginning to carry out his schemes of aggrandizement which led ultimately to the death-struggle between Church and state. The history of the time, regarded from a politico-religious aspect is complex in the extreme and forms a striking contrast to the conditions in that distant quarter of the globe, among the hitherto unknown Tartars through whose agency the trend of European events was soon to be vitally affected.

Shortly before the close of the preceding century, the chief or khan of an obscure tribe among this people, died, leaving as his successor his son, then only a boy; and the few clans hitherto subject to him, immediately renounced their allegiance. The boy, known as Temuchin, spent his early life in a struggle for power, sometimes with a few followers at his back, and sometimes hunted from place to place in peril of his life. His fierceness and bravery, together with his genius for conquest soon won him control of his own wild tribesmen and within the first decade of the century he had subjugated all the surrounding tribes and taken his title of Genghis Khan or khan of khans. We find in him a man splendid for his brute strength, his tremendous energy, his indomitable will, and his military genius, a man worthy, in many respects to be classed among the greatest conquerors of all time. But opposed to these qualities, his violent deeds, his ferocious cruelty, his wanton treachery, reduced to abject terror people by whom deeds of more than ordinary violence were accepted as a matter of course. Indeed, so darkly is he painted in history, that he seems, of necessity, wrongly rated, his fame blackened by the bias of historians, or distorted through the long lapse of years. But there remains the fact that all his work was destructive, that he carried ruin wherever he went, and in explanation, one must remember that the ruling power of his life was the love of conquest, that all his energies,—the animal and intellectual energies of the

barbarian,—converged to this one point, and that to him conquest meant devastation.

The hordes of wild mounted herdsmen over whom he ruled were of like stamp. A glance at their mode of living will make clear the qualities and characteristics which would be natural to such a people. Theirs was a loose confederacy of nomad tribes, holding their ground, the vast grassy plains of Central Asia in common, living in tents and moving about with all their household-goods and their vast herds of cattle and horses from one good pasturage to another. They practised polygamy, their government was the patriarchal form and their religion was Shamanism. We are told that they were remarkable for their religious tolerance in an age of religious fanaticism, but this was because of their complete indifference to religious questions. Theft, whether of cattle, of women, or of pasturing ground, was common among them, and the resultant warfare most frequent. They were accustomed to hardships, fatigue and privation, skilled in the most desperate fighting, bloodthirsty, ferocious and cruel beyond belief, treacherous to a degree, asking and giving no quarter; and as they shared in their leader's desire for conquest, indeed were bound to him largely by this desire, such characteristics, together with their untold numbers, made of them a host which was not merely a terror to the civilized world, but which was regarded as invincible. Such was the material which composed his armies, when Genghis Khan, now the acknowledged ruler of all the Mongols, turned his attention to China, attacking first the tribes to the north and soon passing beyond the Great Wall, which had been regarded up to this time as adequate protection for the country. China was then enjoying a high degree of civilization and considerable military power, but Mongol tactics and Mongol strength swept all before them and in an amazingly short time, their conquests extended on the east to the China Sea and south to the Yellow River beyond which ruled the Sung dynasty. After a brief time spent in establishing his power in the new acquisitions, Genghis Khan and his armies withdrew to direct their energes to the eastward.

The Kwaresmian Empire, one of the Mohammedan countries in the southeast of the continent, near the Persian Gulf, was the first to receive the inrush of the horde of barbarians, which swept down upon it almost unheralded. The story of their being invited hither, an invitation brought about through the struggle for power between Caliph and Sultan, though historical fact, is not of great importance, for the conquering march of such a host stays not for invitation and needs but little pretext. Kwaresm had originally been under Seljuk rule, but at this time, 1219, was governed by Alai-ud din Mohammed (descendant of a Turkish slave) who was openly warring and secretly intriguing against the Caliph at Bagdad. One battle sufficed to show Mohammed the awful power of the invaders and he withdrew from the open field. In this unequal warfare, Genghis Khan had as generals, his four sons;

also as aids, many vassal khans who owed absolute allegiance to him. All were accustomed to iron discipline and had blind confidence in their leader; all gave him unwavering loyalty and implicit obedience. On the opposing side, the leader, Mohammed, was wavering and vacillating; he had intrigued against his associates till he feared to meet his victims; he had as councillors men, warring among themselves, and as generals, men whose faith he had strong reason to suspect. To withhold from open warfare then, seemed his only safe course and he divided his armies and his generals among the walled cities of the Empire. His idea in so doing may have been that after plundering and pillaging the open country the Mongols would withdraw, but this was not the Mongol way of fighting.

Genghis Khan, after dividing his great army into four parts, assigned one to each section of the country, choosing himself the region in which Mohammed had taken refuge. It is unnecessary to follow the whole campaign, a story vitally alive,—alive with the energy of an attacking swarm of ants or bees,—or perhaps, for its pages drip blood, it calls to mind rather the hot fury of wolves. Wild, lawless brutality, merciless cruelty are everywhere. The tale of one city is virtually the tale of all: a long siege frequently lasting for months, the gradual despair of the citizens, followed either by surrender, or by success of the Mongols in scaling and breaking the walls; then pillage, plunder and fire, and almost invariably the slaughter of every inhabitant, man, woman and child. In one instance we find a troop of the besieged deserting to the Mongols only to be put to the sword on the ground that men false to one master could not be true to another. On several occasions cities surrendered without resistance, but because of some previous injury or insult to Mongol envoy or general, the same fate, death to all, was meted out to them; frequently all the citizens numbering many thousands, being marched outside the gates and several days being spent in deliberately cutting them down. A river, in one case, was turned from its bed and directed into a plundered city, that the work might be the more complete. Women were frequently spared for slavery, skilled artisans sent back to Mongolia, and young, strong men taken with the army to do heavy siege work; except for these, none escaped.

Bokhara and Samarkand were taken, both trading and commercial centers, the seat of learning, arts and science; city after city lay in ashes, the whole country stripped and desolate. Mohammed its sovereign, fled, overcome by despair and a detachment of the Mongol army started in swift pursuit. From province to province they hounded him, and he, like a wild beast, continued his headlong flight, until, with only a few followers at his side, and still in peril from friends and kinsmen of victims of his past treachery, he died of an illness on the shores of the Caspian Sea. Of his three sons, one, Jelal ud din, offered splendid resistance to the Mongols, so much so that even the great Khan himself expressed admiration for his bravery. But the whole

country shared the despair of Mohammed, as province after province was taken. Jelal ud din's armies were soon annihilated, their leader fled the country and the empire lay helpless, depopulated and in ruins.

Meanwhile a secondary campaign was being carried on by the pursuers of Mohammed, who, when deprived of their quarry, turned their attention to the devastation of Eastern Irak, and the country between that and the Caspian, also parts of Armenia and Georgia. With reinforcements from the main army they next attacked the Polovtsi, a nomad people who had carried on for centuries an intermittent warfare with Russia. After making a truce with these people and ruining with their aid a number of towns in the Caucasus foothills, they treacherously turned on them and began the usual slaughter; the Polovtsi fled, some to Macedonia and Thrace and some to Russia with the result that an alliance was formed with the latter country. During the warfare which followed the Mongols penetrated to the Dnieper, threatening Poland, Moravia and Hungary, for, though they met with brave resistance, here as elsewhere they were victorious and for three centuries Russia lay under their yoke. It is interesting to note, and this is true of all their conquests, that during their occupation they made no attempt to introduce their own institutions into Russia, or to force their subjects in any way to become Tartars. In the southeast section of the country, the great grassy steppes, the Mongols were quite at home, but the rest of the land, boggy and thickly wooded, they found not at all to their liking. They soon withdrew then, leaving behind them Mongol tax collectors and returning the land in fief to the Russian nobles, who in their turn became vassals of the great khan, obliged to pay tribute and furnish a military contingent on demand. The chief rulers or *kniazes* were appointed by the Khan and given despotic power, and the tyranny which they exercised over their subjects was but a reflection of their own servitude under the Tartars. Russia retained then, her dynasties, her religion and her nationality, but to this day, in her autocratic government she bears the stamp of Mongol domination.

In 1223, Genghis Khan decided to return to the plains of Mongolia. Various reasons are suggested for this move, the most probable being that, after the death of the general whom he had left in command of the Chinese occupation, the conquered people had become increasingly active and hostile and he felt that his personal supervision was needed. He accordingly marched in 1225 to make war on Tangut and the fact that he did this with his customary thoroughness is witnessed by one or two passages from a Chinese annalist:

"Men strive in vain to hide in caverns and in mountains. As to the Mongol sword, hardly two in a hundred escape it. The fields are covered with the bones of slaughtered people." "Since the beginning of time no barbarous people have ever been so mighty as the Mongols

are at present. They destroy empires as a man plucks out herbs by the roots, such is the power in their possession."

Just before the completion of this new conquest, however, Genghis Khan became ill and died. For reasons of state it was best that the fact be kept secret for a time, and to this end all persons were killed who met his funeral cortege as it passed in solemn state to his burial place in the north of his own country. And so ended, in the twenty-second year of his reign, the activity of a ruler who is regarded by one authority as "one of the greatest characters in history, perhaps the greatest that has appeared in the world to the present day. A man who, never hampered by conscience, advanced directly toward the one supreme object of his life,—power. His executive ability was wonderful as was also his utter disregard of human life. Beginning with a few huts on the Kerulon he drew in tribe after tribe, country after country, till at his death he was master of more territory than had ever been ruled by one sovereign. He stands forth also as the greatest manslayer the world has ever known. From 1211 to 1223 in China and Tangut alone, Genghis Khan and his assistants killed more than eighteen million five hundred thousand human beings."

Passing without question the assertion that a man whose work was almost wholly destructive was "perhaps the greatest character that has appeared in the world to the present day," let us turn from the deeds of the man,—the work he strove to do—to what he actually accomplished. He himself had declared as he added victory to victory, that Heaven had given him "the Empire of the Earth, both the East and the West of it," and so nearly did this prove true that the very magnitude of his success worked to its own undoing; the empire was too vast to have strength; genius for military organization had outstripped administrative ability. And when to this fact was added a lack of harmony among his successors, and the absence of any one truly great man, it became inevitable that the empire should fall to pieces, a disintegration which occurred not long after the death of the conqueror. Then became apparent the results of the upheaval upon the Mongols themselves; or perhaps we might equally well say the causes of the upheaval, for when the matter is viewed from a slightly different aspect it becomes evident that this people after centuries of barbarism had earned their opportunity and that those who were prepared took the next step forward. Many of them, it is true, returned after the invasion to the plains of Tartary where they are living today, in much the same state as in the time of the great Khan. A large number, however, adopted Mohammedanism, settled permanently in western Asia and soon came to hold an important place among the nations fighting under the Crescent. According to one historian—howbeit opinions differ radically on this point—such is the civilizing effect of Islam on her semi-barbarous adherents, that they were no longer the ferocious creatures they had been so short a time before,

though they lost none of their martial valor. Even a more marked advance in civilization was made by a third contingent who marched into India at a somewhat later date, adopted Buddhism, and established the splendid Moghul Empire, the rise and fall of which is a history in itself.

In the southeastern countries where the scourge fell most heavily, we find, instead of a people who were ready for the next step forward, a people who had abused every privilege, turned from or distorted the message which their prophet had given them, and evolved a civilization which, in proportion as it became outwardly more and more perfect, grew more and more rotten at the core. Within but a few generations after the death of the prophet a rapid degeneracy enfeebled the victorious Moslems; the vast wealth which they accumulated from their world-wide conquests was spent for the most part in sensual luxury, and inevitable loss of strength and energy resulted. Furthermore, in the course of their victories they had conquered and taken prisoner many Turks from tribes to the north of their own country. These men were distinguished for their strength and courage, and among a people grown effeminate from luxury it was but a step from the king's slave, to the king's favorite and thence to the power of the throne itself and the choice of its occupant. By the time of the Mongol invasion the state was a seething mass of corruption; treachery and party strife had reduced the power of the Caliph to a minimum; province after province had renounced its allegiance and the dominion of the Commander of the Faithful once stretching along the whole diameter of the civilized world had become limited to the city of Bagdad and the neighboring territory. The utter weakness of the state, and its vileness as well, are most apparent when we read that in its midst there arose and flourished the Kingdom of the Assassins. This so-called kingdom, named from the terrible work which it performed, was a secret order, impregnably established in mountain fastnesses, preaching outwardly to its thousands of innocent adherents a Mohammedanism which secretly it denounced; and proving, when eventually unmasked, to adhere to a code of lawlessness and license almost unheard of in the history of mankind. It had its agents in every court and center of power, practised assassination on high and low alike, sometimes for pay, sometimes for the accomplishment of its own evil ends, overturning kingdoms and shaping the destiny of almost the whole civilized world. That such a condition of affairs should precipitate a war—a scourge of Heaven sent to punish, as Genghis Khan styled himself—was naturally to be expected, and the work of purgation begun by the great Khan was ably carried on by his successors until a grandson, Hulagu, some years later destroyed the Kingdom of the Assassins and in 1258, with cruelty equal to any of his predecessors, accomplished the utter ruin of Bagdad and the extinction of the Caliphate.

This crushing blow to Islam, the downfall of her power and greatness, suggests the world-wide significance of the Mongol invasion, its place in the great plan of human evolution. For this was not the mere combat of tribe against tribe, or of kingdom against kingdom; it touched in its far-reaching results the entire known world of the time and the future of two continents was at stake. When, in the early days of Islam, the Moslems, filled with martial energy and religious zeal, had undertaken to convert the world to Mohammed, victory had been theirs, not only at home, but further and further afield, till their conquering banner floated over all the land from the banks of the Sihon to the farthest promontory of Portugal. Europe lay at her feet,—a Europe undeveloped and unformed and having as its incentive and inspiration, a religion of love, peace and submission. In the face of this menacing danger, a new order arose, Europe became welded together, her great national divisions gradually took shape, and most noteworthy of all, Christianity was transmuted into a religion of war, at first defensive and later on, during the Crusades, offensive. This was the work Islam was to do. Yet in the early XIII. century, Europe, now grown strong in her own conceit, lay torn and dismembered by internal strife, too absorbed in her own struggles even to heed the dread news of threatened destruction from without; and while Christendom lay thus at the mercy of the Saracen, the wave of conquest was by no means spent, Islam still carried her victorious banners. But, as it proved, Islam had accomplished her mission. It was not a part of the great plan that the eastern continent should overwhelm the western and efface its newly developing civilization; and at this juncture the Mongol host effected the deliverance which Europe was unable to accomplish for herself, striking blow after blow at the base of the Saracen power till it lay but a wreck of its former grandeur.

One other result of the work of the great Khan shows to an interesting degree the immense value of apparently small and unimportant details. As the Mongols advanced on their westward march, they displaced from their original home in western Asia, the present Ottoman Turks. This led to an invasion of Bithynia by the latter under Othman and ultimately to their advance into Europe under Amurath I. The resultant history is known to all: their conquest of Constantinople in 1453, the flight of the scholars gathered there, the scattering of the precious learning through all Europe, the consequent awakening or Renaissance and its effect on every element of our civilization even down to the present day. And these vast and far-reaching results came from the unrest of one obscure tribe among the Tartars and the dislodgement of another equally obscure among the Turks—from this, and from one other cause, namely, the fact that Genghis Khan gave, as but few great souls have given, his whole being in undivided allegiance and devoted service to what was doubtless the

highest, noblest and best principle of his life. And in the giving, he made of himself an instrument through which could be accomplished the destinies of two continents, the fate of millions of people.

To those who care to look behind so great a work in search of a correspondingly great source, it will be of interest to know that there is another view of Genghis Khan. In a volume of *Lucifer,* an unsigned article entitled *The Romantic Story of Genghis Khan,* identifies him with a Japanese hero, Yoshitsune, immortalized in many a poem and folk-tale. This warrior was of royal birth and during his early life in his native islands of Japan passed through the same vicissitudes as are elsewhere attributed to the boy-chieftain of Mongolia. As his power increased, jealousy and treachery on the part of his associates drove him to the northern island of Yezo whence he vanished, soon to reappear, under the name of Temujin (Temuchin), on the mainland of Asia, where he began the career of conquest well known to history. But the significant point of the narrative is that it declares him to have been, from his early years, an initiate of the mysteries, as were also a small but devoted band of followers who shared his every change of fortune. He was, we are told, "the son of a gifted race, the favored pupil of the all-knowing sages of the innermost recesses of the remote mountains . . . His connection with the priests of Thibet, and intercourse with the Lamas is matter of history. His antecedent training in the fastnesses of the mountains, whither he was miraculously conveyed nightly, for long distances, as it is related and credited in the land of his birth, prepared him for admission to the inner circles of the Ri-shi and communication with the Arhats of the age whom doubtless he sought and met in his travels and the regions he subdued. There is no doubt of the identity, and there can be no question of the special peculiar circumstances of his instruction, Yuen Ye Ki, of the Chinese, Genghis Khan, the conqueror, and Gen-ji-Kei, otherwise Minamoto Yoshitsune, are one and the same—Buddhist Acolyte, Japanese Prince, and student of the Occult, Magician, Conqueror, Hero, Revered Divinity of the North East of Asia." Reference is made to a number of histories on the subject—the majority of them Japanese. Among historians writing in our own tongue, Howorth makes mention of a similar view, referring to a *History of the Mongol Khans* written by a Mongol, Ssanang Setzen in 1662. In this work the Mongol royal stock is traced back to that of Thibet and thence to the royal line of Hindostan. Whether reference is also made to other of the points mentioned above, Howorth neglects to say; he dismisses the matter with the statement that Ssanang Setzen's account is a confusion of two legends neither of which rightfully belongs to the Mongols. But whichever be the accepted view, whether or not Genghis Khan be regarded as a specially instructed agent, working consciously and purposefully, nevertheless, in reviewing his life in the

light of subsequent history there comes to us with renewed force the truth of those words:

"That which lives when all else has passed away is the desire with which the man was working, not the results he accomplished. The good he loved and served endures forever; the good he strove to do more often dies. . . . that which lives in action is the motive and the desire. The form it took passes, as all form must, but the soul of it reincarnates and fills with power and radiance all other forms that spring therefrom."

JULIA CHICKERING

Perhaps if there were more of that intense distress of souls that leads to tears, we should more frequently see the results we desire. Sometimes it may be that while we are complaining of the hardness of the hearts of those we are seeking to benefit, the hardness of our own hearts and our own feeble apprehension of the solemn reality of eternal things may be the true cause of our want of success.—Hudson Taylor in Early Years.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL

IN the concluding chapter of the *Key to Theosophy,* Madame Blavatsky sketches for us the possible future of the Theosophical Society, and its effect for good upon the world if the living truth it has in trust be kept clear of sectarianism, short-sightedness, and prejudice. She says, "It will gradually leaven and permeate the great mass of thinking and intelligent people with its large-minded and noble ideas of Religion, Duty, and Philanthropy." There has been no recent article in the QUARTERLY directly bearing on the last of these three spheres of human activity; so that a new book on Vincent de Paul, the "Father of Modern Philanthrophy" as he is popularly called, suggested that a consideration of this man's life might help to clarify our own ideals on this important subject. Those of us who love the Theosophical Movement, and who desire to see its principles permeate the world, cannot fail of opportunity to apply those principles in so widespread and popular an occupation as our many modern charities and philanthropic undertakings. Never before in history, does it seem, has there been so universal a realization that "the poor ye have always with you." But while this realization springs in large measure from an impulse of brotherhood which in itself is a result achieved by the leaven of Theosophic truth, yet it has brought with it also many new problems and dangers. Socialism, with its perverted ideas of brotherhood, has subverted much of the original purity of this ideal and turned it towards purely materialistic ends. Organized charity has become mechanical; the motive back of it is too often merely the removal of an eye-sore and a blot, rather than the transmutation of an evil into good; the individual sacrifice and personal touch have given place to a systematic bureaucracy with paid employees and an almost arbitrary routine of "relief-work." We are all familiar with the man who feels that the regular sending of a cheque each year, with perhaps an extra gift or two during special times of stress or disaster, has entirely established his charity and fulfilled his obligations to his less fortunate neighbors. So familiar has this idea become that an actual divorce has occurred between the root-meaning of the word, charity or love, and its present connotation. It now means at the lowest money-giving; at the highest generosity; and more than one child has been teased and puzzled by St. Paul's famous passage.

What light, then, can an application of Theosophic principles throw on this peculiarly modern problem; and how can the undoubted good that lies back of this many-sided human enterprise be made even more effective than it now is?

At the time when Madame Blavatsky was writing there was no such "social self-consciousness" as exists today; and so comments on,

or advice directed towards the proper administration and application of philanthropy are not often found in the literature of that period, but exist rather potentially in the general ideal of Universal Brotherhood. It is here that the life and achievements of St. Vincent de Paul are of immediate and practical helpfulness; and an attempt will be made to illustrate the, what we might call, cardinal principles of philanthropy by a brief sketch of this great man's work. The interested reader will find very readable and sympathetic the recent biography of Vincent de Paul, by E. K. Sanders; while more detailed works by L'Abbé Maynard and Mgr. Bougard are to be found in translation in the New York Library. In the original French the priest Abelli's *Vie* still remains the basis for all recent research, being written but four years after the Saint's death. Collections of his letters (numbering over thirty thousand) have also been edited; as have his *Conférences* with his religious sons and daughters.

The key to the success of Vincent de Paul's life is to be found in the sureness and solidity of his foundation. Not until he was absolutely ready did he attempt any new work; and being ready for him meant not only careful preparation in the ordinary worldly sense, but a religious preparation, an absolute knowledge that God wanted him to do just that thing in just that way. In the acquirement of this spirit he had learnt the underlying lesson back of his earlier life; for his actual work did not begin until he was past fifty years of age, and it was in the faithful performance of his routine duties, and in the little obediences in unimportant affairs, that at last made him a fit instrument to reawaken the Church and people of France at a time of terrible corruption and degradation.

The popular view of Vincent de Paul recognizes his practical abilities, and credits him with a "combination of inspiration and experience" by which in the sixteenth century "he arrived at conclusions which are regarded as discoveries in the twentieth." But little more is known of him; and the fact that a humble peasant boy became a saint while living in an almost unbroken solitude as far as mystical or religious companionship or guidance is concerned, does not meet with any attention even amongst his biographers. But such is the fact, as his own letters bear witness. He was born in 1576 on a small farm near Dax, south of Bordeaux, and not far from the sea-coast. In a worldly sense he had no advantages of fortune, though his early life reads like a romance. Good birth was almost a prerequisite for any advancement in Church, State, or Army at that time; and one of the early struggles recorded of the boy Vincent at the College of Dax is his reluctance and shame when he had to acknowledge his thrifty peasant father before his more aristocratic schoolmates. In later years M. Vincent "never wearied of reminding those who treated him with reverence that he was a peasant, and the son of a peasant."

His education began at the Franciscan Convent at Dax when he was twelve, and at twenty he received the tonsure. He completed his

education at the Collége of Saragossa, and later at Toulouse. During this time he supported himself by tutoring. In 1600 he was ordained priest. We fail to understand the Saint unless in some degree we see the man who made himself a saint in spite of personal faults, and in spite, also, of the worldly currents which are always in conflict with those who set their hearts and wills heavenwards. The priesthood during the religious conflicts which centered around Henry of Navarre and the Guises had reached a degree of depravity which has perhaps no equal in the history of France. All the old abuses which had in such large measure precipitated the Reformation were still unremedied; and to these were added the inevitable disorganization and corruption that came from incessant civil war, and the gross materialism of the age. Later, under Cardinal Richelieu there commenced a great religious revival, and the spirit of Vincent de Paul, of St. François de Sales, of Cardinal de Bérulle the founder of the Oratorians, of the Ursulines, of Fénèlon, and of the Port Royalists quickened anew the spiritual ideal amongst the mass of religious people, who respond with pathetic readiness to any genuine spiritual leadership. But even after this revival some of the most flagrant abuses went unchecked, such as the non-residence of bishops or priests in their cures; plurality of benefices, which necessitated non-residence; abbeys and priories in lay hands; the charging of lay pensions on ecclesiastical revenues; and the employment of rich and unscrupulous Cardinals and Archbishops in military commands. Richelieu became chief minister in 1624; so Vincent de Paul was ordained several years before any reform had started either within or outside of the Church, and when men were raised to the priesthood directly from the laity, without any preparation or qualification being required of them, and with all the prescribed intermediary steps dispensed by an arbitrary ruling. Further than this the actual immorality of living amongst the priests had become so shocking that for a time few respectable and decent men entered the Church. As a result hundreds of parishes were destitute of any religious observances; the peasantry in many large districts grew up practically in ignorance of any Church discipline; and even in the towns there were insufficient numbers to carry on the services or to administer the simplest rites.

As a young man we find Vincent de Paul struggling between a true ideal of devotion and loyalty to his Church, and the seemingly inevitable compromise necessary for the fulfilment of any of his ambitions. On the one hand we find him so awstruck at his own new privilege that he celebrated his first Mass in the solitude of a little mountain chapel, with only a priest and server as witnesses. On the other, we find him perpetually and deeply in debt, partly from a too ready generosity with other peoples' money, partly from the attempt to live beyond his means or station; we find him imprisoning a man for debt and exacting the last crown from him while in prison; and we find him also hoping, planning, and scheming for the appointment to a lucrative bishopric. In pursuit

of this last interest his own letters show that he eagerly sought to further its success by means neither kind to rivals nor scrupulously honest; yet even so his chief recommendation in the eyes of others was his piety and devotion.

But destiny, and it seems a real destiny, had planned otherwise. While sailing from Marseilles to Narbonne he was captured by Turkish pirates, wounded by an arrow, and in this miserable condition taken to Africa where he was sold to a fisherman, and by him to an aged alchemist —"a man of great gentleness and humanity . . . who had devoted fifty years to a search for the Philosopher's Stone. My duty was to keep up the heat of ten or twelve furnaces." He was sold again several times, and finally after two years captivity full of adventure, escaped in a skiff to France. During these years of very real suffering Vincent de Paul's faith and innate strength of character came to the fore, and he no longer drifted with the tide. Once home we find him seeking to pay off his old debts, and to obtain "some honest benefice in France." A diplomatic journey to Rome, and contact with the brazen licentiousness throughout the ecclesiastical hierarchy there, sowed the seed for his later idea of reforming the clergy as a first step towards any real improvement.

After a year's further study at the Dominican College of La Sapienza in Rome, he returned to France. But the prospect before him was very gloomy. The ordinary steps of advancement in his own parish had been estopped by his period of slavery, and his peasant origin left him unsupported by family interest. Though thirty-three years old, he was yet unrecognized, and had no opportunity to employ the fine abilities and gifts which he must by now have felt that he possessed. Perhaps the instinct which made of him finally the humble drudge and true minister to all the children of men made him at this critical time of vacillation offer his services to the Hospital of Charity in Paris, founded by Marie de Medici. Certain it is that from this point the course of events bore him steadily on towards the fulfilment of his great mission. Almost immediately he was chosen as almoner for the once profligate, now neglected Marguerite de Valois; and perhaps helped to salve the conscience of that unfortunate Queen by administering her charities to the greatest advantage.

This connection opened a new and important field to Vincent de Paul, for by no other ordinary means, except indeed by just such a happy chance, could a man of his position ever have touched that sphere of society. Today we have lost all of the distinction which existed then between royalty and the whole remaining portion of mankind. These ladies lived on a different plane from other human beings; and any consideration for, or even reference to, the lower orders of society was considered vulgar and disgusting. Peasants were beyond the pale, mere animals, devoid of moral sense, held of no more account than flies. Later, in his influence on Anne of Austria and on the ladies of her court, we can appreciate the marvellous inspiration and awakening which led

these same high-born women themselves to walk the streets of the slums, searching out and ministering to its wretched and filthy inhabitants. This was the invariable demand that the Saint made, and there were many who followed his compelling leadership. In the absence of a religious motive, how many philanthropic workers today could be made to do even this much in the way of personal charity?

For the next fifteen years, until 1624, Vincent de Paul grew rapidly, and amongst a small circle his capacity in action and in judgment were held in the highest estimation. Outwardly his life was the commonplace, toilsome existence of the faithful priest. It is only in retrospect, in the light of what he became, that we can see how wise was the guidance that led him through so long an apprenticeship. That he was faithful to the light he had, that he made much if not the most of every opportunity that offered itself, can be illustrated by two striking incidents, which reveal also the zeal and temper of the man. But it must always be remembered that Vincent de Paul had many real faults, had done many wrong things, that he was in all ways a human man amongst men, and that no miracle accomplished either the canonization which officially proclaims him a saint, or the more objective achievements of his last years of fruitful service. It was the slow conquest of self, the daily obedience to duty, the hours of labor and the nights of prayer that through long years bit by bit brought him to a close communion, and to an effective co-operation, with his Master.

The first and earlier of these incidents illustrates the power over himself which Vincent de Paul was acquiring. He was, in 1610, sharing his lodgings near to the Hospital of Charity with a lawyer. One day while the latter was out and Vincent de Paul sick in bed, the doctor called, bringing with him a boy to carry his medicines. While the attention of doctor and patient were mutually engaged, this boy extracted from an unlocked drawer a large sum of money left there by the lawyer. It was not missed till some time later; and Vincent de Paul was held responsible. The impoverished lawyer had no proof of his guilt, and after one simple denial Vincent de Paul refused to make any further protestations of his innocence. The irritated and suspicious lawyer spread the story on all occasions, especially seeking out Vincent de Paul's friends and acquaintances, and treating him as the real culprit. Of insignificant origin, with the memory of past slackness in money matters behind him, and without the support that close and admiring friends can give, Vincent de Paul was indeed in a difficult position; and his calmness in the face of it is remarkable. "God knew the truth," he said; but not for six years, till the confession of the real culprit establish his innocence, did the stigma of dishonor leave him. Not once in this time did he attempt to defend himself. Years later in the "Conférences" at S. Lazare he illustrated a principle by reference to this incident, and closed with following words: "If the offence of which we are accused has not been committed, let us remember that we have committed many others, on account of which

we ought to welcome disgrace and accept it without justifying ourselves, and without the smallest resentment against our accusers. Let us acknowledge, my brothers, that in ourselves we have capacity for all evil, and let us leave to God the charge of declaring the secrets of guilt and of innocence."

Complete resignation, self-effacement and a virile humility—these are the qualities demanded of every Christian, but which few can produce to meet the exigency of an unexpected test—and these were the qualities which during many years Vincent de Paul had set himself to acquire. His failures are not recorded, his striking success is; but we can safely supply the failures, as we can also the patience and persistence which finally achieved so thorough a triumph that in maturer years the root of all his life and teaching was founded in just such principles of absolute self-surrender.

The second incident, occurring about seven years later, illustrates the power over others that this slow upbuilding process was surely developing. Vincent de Paul had for a short while stayed with de Bérulle, who had just received the Papal Bull sanctioning the establishment of the Oratorians, in Paris. De Bérulle had acted as his spiritual and temporal guide, and this is the only occasion that we hear of Vincent de Paul receiving any spiritual direction from one at all his equal, let alone his superior, in such matters. It is from this time that Vincent de Paul adopted a life of strict personal austerity. De Bérulle obtained for him first a cure in the little town of Clichy, and then the position of tutor in the household of Philippe de Gondi, General of the Galleys, and one of the richest and most influential families at court. De Gondi was devoid of real religion, though a youthful training in Catholicism had implanted the familiar superstitious attitude which is too often passed for religion. But his life was of a piece with the times and with the society in which he moved; "coarseness of speech matched depravity of morals;" and yet there were in addition all the dashing and noble touches that made the French aristocrat of those times the superb and often attractive person that he is in contemporary memoirs. Somehow the peasant priest had learned to meet these accomplished and flashing worldlings on their own plane. Already he was learning to be humble, and his clients may have seen that he would never presume to trespass on their sovereign rights. But gradually the strength of his personality, the authority that represented the Church,—and not merely the ecclesiastical heirarchy which was universally despised, but the traditional Mother who provided her children with spiritual energy,—above all the calm and steady purpose and example of his life, had their inevitable effect. A contemporary writes of him *"il demeurait dans cette grande Maison comme dans une Chartreuse";* and his own maxims lay down the rule that he must choose silence and retirement whenever choice was possible, and that his room was to be to him as the cell of a Religious.

First he converted the servants of the household, assembling the

scoffing lackeys, and reminding them of their Catholic duties. Then Madame de Gondi was approached, converted, and became at last a true *dévote*. De Gondi himself was a noted duellist; and though four years of pressure from wife and chaplain had drawn him to religious observances, his manner of life was in no way changed. With the "childlike inconsistency" which distinguished Catholics of that period, he went to Mass on a morning when he proposed to fight. M. Vincent, hearing of this in advance, approached his master at the rail, and admonished him that his act would bring upon himself and his family the judgment of the Saviour whom he pretended to worship. Here was the dependent rebuking the seigneur, whose imperious will could instantly dispossess and arbitrarily punish. Yet Vincent de Paul succeeded; M. de Gondi refused the dual; and not long afterwards he became a sincere and whole-hearted follower of the once insignificant peasant-priest.

Another conversion, still more striking, occurred but shortly after. The great seigneur of the district, the wealthy and magnificent Balthazar de Rougement, Baron de Chandes, chanced to hear Vincent de Paul preach. He was one of the most notable of duellists, and was celebrated far and wide for his wild life, his utter disregard of all principle, and for the brilliant daring of his enterprises. After the sermon he sought out the preacher, and little by little he was drawn away from the old life. The estates of Rougement were sold with characteristic recklessness, and given to charity; the festivities of the Chateau ceased, and the only guests were the needy. It is related, in the spirit of truth at any rate, that after he had deprived himself of all his possessions, he discovered that he was still deeply attached to his old and trusty sword, so without delay he went out and hacked it to pieces on a rock.

The man who could inspire such case-hardened sinners with repentance and the love of Christ must himself have felt the depth and genuineness of a true and complete conversion. No longer was he seeking self, or following the ways of the world. Life had become not merely a personal adventure, but the fitting of the personality into a larger whole, with Christ at the head, and the great mass of unredeemed sinners as the field for his labours. And thus putting himself consciously under Christ's leadership, his powers and sphere of influence grew rapidly, until literally he reconstructed the religious fabric of France, not only in its priesthood, but in all its types and assortment of people,—from court to peasant, and from hard-headed artizans to the criminally insane.

Events now began to shape themselves rapidly towards the commencement of his great charitable enterprises. Contact with the poor peasantry, and notably the dying confession of a man who all his life had shielded the grossest evils under the veil of the Sacraments, awakened Vincent de Paul to a realization at once of the great need of the common people and the equal immensity of his opportunity. He left the de Gondi household abruptly; and only returned for a short while at Mme. de Gondi's earnest entreaty. In fact the fuss made by that rather sensitive

lady at this sudden departure of her spiritual director only succeeded in calling the attention of his superiors to Vincent de Paul's abilities and determination; and M. de Bérulle among others did much to further his aim at establishing a mission. After some months of negotiation, the Collége des Bons Enfants was made over as the headquarters of a new congregation; Mme. de Gondi gave 16,000 livres; or a little over $6,000 in our money, towards its upkeep; and on September 4, 1626, a formal Act of Association was drawn up between Vincent de Paul and his three first companions. They bound themselves to renounce ecclesiastical perferment (it must be remembered that men sought ecclesiastical positions at this time purely to obtain the accruing revenues); to devote their lives to preaching in villages, avoiding big towns; and to work nine months, from October to June, and to retire during three mnoths as a preparation by prayer and fasting for their labours in the world. They lived in obedience under a superior, of whom Vincent de Paul was the first.

In 1632 the company had so far grown in numbers and reputation as to receive formal recognition from Pope Urban VIII, and was known as the Congregation of the Mission. The example which its devoted members set before the corrupt priesthood, then living in careless security and indifference, awoke the whole of whatever righteousness lay buried in the hearts of its individual members. A reform wave, a desire for a greater purity of living and honesty of intention, arose amongst the priests themselves. A Bishop wrote of his own diocese that "there are nearly 7,000 drunken and lewd priests who daily ascend the Altar, and who have not the least vocation." Monasteries, many of them ruled by married laymen, were "centers of license and disorder"; priests of gentle birth prospered in proportion as they entertained society with their wit and scandalous intrigues; the humbler men were excluded from the few schools, and were so ignorant that Mme. de Gondi records that one of her confessors did not even know the words of Absolution, and that he simply mumbled beneath his breath until she gave him a paper from which to read the real formulary.

Vincent de Paul responded to the appeals from all sides to spread somehow the spirit of his Mission Priests into the main body of the Church, by organizing Ordination Retreats. He realized quite clearly that spectacular and drastic reforms, even if successful in the face of an opposition sure to be aroused, would lead to no permanent good, and would inevitably bring about a reaction. His plan looked rather to the future; and he determined that any reform under his guidance would be founded on enduring principles. Drunkenness alone was so widespread that only a new generation could hope to maintain a proper standard. So his first endeavor was to arouse in those entering the priesthood some realization of their responsibility, and to sober them into a break with their old lives of vice, or else to win them to renounce the priesthood altogether. The Archbishop of Paris heartily seconded this effort, and ordered that every candidate should make a Retreat with the Company

of the Mission before his ordination. The Directions for Ordination Candidates require the strictest kind of life, and are of a most searching completeness. Entire consecration to the service of God was demanded, to be proved by a scrupulous ruling of every hour; obedience to the Bishop; and, further, submission to a Director, who was to be given knowledge of every spiritual difficulty. Thus the careless, indolent youth; the weak, who hopefully believed that the future would somehow be better than the past; and the calculating, for whom the priesthood was but a step in the realization of worldly ambition—all were tested by the power of M. Vincent's own depth of conviction, and either rejected or approved. To many it was more than a mere warning, as the letters and records show: it was a rending of the veil that hid the deep things of the inner life; it was the revelation of a real vocation. Amongst the 300 members enrolled in Vincent de Paul's lifetime were Jean Jacques Olier, Bossuet, and M. Tronson; each to become in his turn a center of inspiration. The Saint, for we now begin to think of him as one, also founded and organized the first Seminaries, which long before had been ordered by the Council of Trent, but which had never succeeded or lasted for any time in France. These had attempted to train boys from twelve years up; but the youngsters once grown, reflected the spirit of the age, revolting from any discipline; and the whole system had collapsed. St. Vincent separated the boys from those actually committed, and while providing the latter with every assistance from teaching, association, and influence, had insisted also on separating the steps of promotion, making them systematic and unabridged. Thus a candidate worked three months before being ordained sub-deacon; while six months and a year separated the deacon and priest respectively, from the sub-deacon.

St. Vincent himself referred to his results in this work as miraculous. Well it might be under such a leader. The letters and records of his talks, or conférences, with his Seminarians and Mission Priests, show the hold that St. Vincent himself had on the spiritual life. Nothing that he preached but was backed by the daily example of his life; and his humility, his capacity for work, his resourcefulness, merely grew with increased reputation and demand for his assistance.

We have entered thus with some detail into the early and less spectacular part of Vincent de Paul's career because in it we learn to see the man, with all his homely naturalness and weaknesses and wavering purpose. These years in the school of life, watched over, it would seem, by a masterhand, were but the preparation for the real accomplishments of his later years. And it is exactly this preparation which is so totally lacking in all our modern charitable and philanthropic work today. The utmost now asked of the volunteer is some technical knowledge of the laws of hygiene, of cooking, or of tenement regulations. St. Vincent de Paul demanded a very different preparation of his workers; because his own early life had taught him that only a truly good man and an absolutely unselfish man could raise the pauper from his wilful degrada-

tion, stir diseased wills by the force of a living example, or explain their suffering to the many inmates of his numerous hospitals and asylums. His reasoning was simple in expounding this principle. God the Father, when He wanted to redeem His children and save them from their misery and sin, sent a Perfect Man to do it. No better Example can be found anywhere in the world, nor any more entirely effective, both at that time and now. Christlikeness was to him the essential ideal; and until his children had grasped the need for this ideal, and had embraced it with their whole heart, devoting their lives utterly to the attempt, St. Vincent would not admit them to his orders. He found place, it is true, for lay-volunteers of various kinds and degrees; but they were never given responsibility, never relied upon, were a source of constant anxiety and disquietude to him, and never received the recognition which they themselves wished to receive. Often and often he told such half-hearted supporters that they did more harm than good; and that their charitable ministrations but palliated the ills of the body at the expense of the soul.

The record of the next thirty years is the statement of an endless round of activities connected with an ever increasing number of enterprises and of people. The court,—Richelieu, Mazarin, Anne of Austria; —hospitals, asylums, Missions; Retreats, "Conférences," letter-writing; —out of this mass of activity rises the ever stronger figure of St. Vincent, humble, persistent, prayerful; now rebuking, now encouraging, now exhorting;—always labouring indefatigably till at eighty-four he passed peacefully to a well-earned rest with the Master he had known and loved so long. Details are full of interest, but they cannot further serve the purpose of this article. It was with ideals and a life such as these that St. Vincent's work has lived; and his practical methods as well as his spiritual régime have come down to us through all the changes of the centuries. Can any of us think that the methods which are today practised by our Charitable Organizations will be the same three hundred years from now? Let us indeed hope not. Yet today the identical Rule that St. Vincent gave to his Mission Priests, and to his Sisters of Charity, is lived and put into daily operation by thousands of devoted men and women. The demands he made were unconditional, uncompromising, and in all particulars reached to the heart of the spiritual life. The secret of success lay in self-sacrifice; the source of strength lay in prayer, which meant direct communion with the Master. St. Vincent himself set the example. None worked harder than he. His Conférences are filled with revelations which could only spring from the heart of a disciple. At eighty-one years of age he wrote, *"Tout le mal qui se fait à la Mission, dites que c'est Vincent qui le fait."* His constant reminder was that "because you are Sisters of Charity (or Mission Priests) you are bound to aim at perfection." Servants of the Poor is the name he gave to those who set no limit to the extent of their vows, and it signified the ideal toward which they must work. "Toujours se sacrificier?" asked one weary postulant; and his simple reply "Oui, toujours," never varied. He readily acknowledged that their task was a far harder one than that

of even the average religious; but this only called for a more heroic and complete self-sacrifice. Once this is thoroughly realized and acted upon, strength will be given; and there is no limit to the work that can be accomplished. "If you ever want to know why you have failed in any undertaking, you will find it is because you relied upon yourself. If a preacher or a Superior or a confessor trusts to his own wisdom and learning and capacity, you will see how God deals with him. He will leave him to himself, and, however much he works, there will be no real result until he sees his own uselessness and understands that all his experience and all his cleverness are nothing unless God is working with him" (*Lettres,* vol. 1, No. 272).

How this contrasts with our modern social workers' ideal, and how pitiful the latter seems in comparison. No wonder modern Charity has to organize a special bureau to advertise its results in order to raise funds. St. Vincent never had to waste money in any such machinery of organization. During the Fronde rebellion, when the country, already impoverished, was plunged in a new civil war, he raised in addition to the regular expenses of his previously established charities, 12,000,000 livres, or $4,567,680 of our money. In one year, 1658, he raised $456,768 additional to redeem Christian slaves from their Mohammedan captors. I quote from his own estimates which are much less than those of his biographers. Louis XIII gave him $1,522.56 a year; Anne of Austria $4,567.68, and sold jewels worth $9,516.00; *Parlement* voted $5,709.60 a year for the upkeep of Orphan Asylums and Hospitals; while individual ladies literally sold all their possessions before taking the vows—one lady, Anna-Maria Martinozzi, giving 200,000 francs, or $36,600—a princely fortune for those times.

St. Vincent de Paul was a rare man for any age, and he makes an especial appeal to our own. He dealt with the whole range of human misery and suffering;—from the care of foundlings to poverty-stricken old age, from the instruction of children to the patient surveillance of the insane. He organized women of the highest class, of the middle, and of the lowest. His Rule is the model for the upper classes in their dealings with the poor. He was one of the chief reformers of the clergy; he initiated the visitation of captives and prisoners; and his organization of hospitals is still followed in many of its important details. But these achievements were all the outcome of his real aim and endeavor—the establishment, through the life of self-sacrificing discipleship, of the kingdom of Christ in the hearts of all mankind. He is a living witness of the superiority of religious over materialistic ways and methods of helping our fellow men; while at the same time his stalwart figure is not so great as to leave this generation utterly out of touch with his teaching and example. There is the bond of a mutual ideal and of a mutual interest, vital to ourselves as to him; and a study of his life reveals the source from which true charity springs—a charity not limited to the things of this world, but founded on the principles which underlie the life and destiny of the soul.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XIII

Dear Friend:

BY all means, since you insist upon having it so, let us grant that you are an ass. But why announce it with such vigour of pained surprise? You are an ass. Good. But there is no need to be a mournful ass. And you are neither the first nor the last of the species. An ass is an extremely useful animal, and, in certain settings —though these are rarely those of his own choosing—may even be decorative. If his speaking and singing voice is not exactly musical, his floppy, furry ears are soft as silk; which suggests that in general he should listen and not try to talk back. But on occasion he may see angels to whom prophets are blind, and, even when dead, his jaw bone can be used to work great havoc among the Philistines. Moreover he possesses, if a well bred ass, a long and most edifying list of virtues. He is humble, patient, uncomplaining, faithful; spends his days bearing his master's burdens, and thrives upon nettles,—for which he has a most amazing relish. The more I contemplate his qualities the more I am at a loss to account for the tone of depression and melancholy that runs throughout your letter, after its first explosive statements of your discovery. Rather do I envy you your ability to take to yourself so high a title, your proud conviction that you are "*just* a thoroughgoing, unmitigated ass." Alas, most asininity among men is forever being compromised with the many-eyed peacock's tail of human wisdom and vanity. It is an awesome beast: an ass with a peacock's tail. Be thankful for the rope-like appendage with which you now switch your sore sides. It is far more becoming, as well as more effective in keeping away the flies.

You ask me what you can do. Surely you must see that you have answered your own question. You can be an ass, a "perfect" ass. Stop striving to strut around on your two hind legs. You were never meant to walk like a peacock, and the attempt can only lead to more falls and bruises. Thank God that you have four good, sturdy, and withal very shapely limbs on which to move surely and evenly on solid earth; and give over this foolish democratic notion of yours that an ass falls short of his birth-right if he does not become President. Be an ass for the love of God, who made you what you are, and not from ambition, which cannot make you other than you are.

Dear Friend, have you not even yet learned that humility is the source of all wisdom, "the virtue without which all virtues are spurious," and that the beginning of the Path lies in acceptance of ourselves? Your trouble is not that you are an ass, but that you are not content to be

an ass. Humility, patience, uncomplaining fidelity in daily drudgery and the bearing of homely burdens, the extraction of nourishment from nettles and the cultivation of a taste for them,—these things seem too low an aim for your flashing genius. Yet the reason that you despise them as beneath you is that they are above you; and the lack of them makes ineffective all you do.

You have yourself complained to me of this in past days. Indeed your present letter is just such a plaint. You feel you have brilliant gifts, valuable experience in many diverse directions, and an unusual record of achievement. But on the one hand you complain that all this has profited you nothing, that something has always occurred to rob you of the fruits of your accomplishments; or you confess, in moments of rarer intellectual honesty, that the very qualities that brought you your successes dissipated their rewards as soon as you had gained them. So I have watched a swirling November wind sweep dead leaves into great piles, only to scatter them the next instant far and wide over the ground from which they had been gathered. Where there is no constancy of purpose, no fixity of direction in accumulated labour, the end must be as the beginning. Yet on the other hand, and despite this intermittent and retrospective perception of the futility of your own undisciplined activities, you are mortified and surprised, and at times even somewhat resentful, that, in your new associations, the proffer of your services to the Master's cause has been met with so slight an apparent recognition of your abilities. Instead of the way being opened to you to contribute and to utilize what you consider your obvious gifts, you have been set at tasks which you deem any office boy could do as well.

It is true that you yourself have not done them very well; not, perhaps, even up to the standard of the office boy who hopes to keep his job. You have been late many times when he would have been constrained to punctuality. You have not infrequently absented yourself altogether, when matters of greater interest claimed your attention; whereas the office boy has at least to bury a grandmother in order to go to the baseball game. Again and again you have first postponed, and then forgotten all about, things that you had undertaken to do; and as a consequence someone else has had always to follow up whatever was assigned to you, and hold himself ready to step in whenever you fell, or stepped out. I doubt whether you have ever really been aware of these incessant failures, for they concerned things that you deemed trivial, and which you thought rather beneath the dignity of your capacities and zealous wish to serve. But in truth, dear man, they are not trivial at all, either in their effect upon the work or as indicative of your needs. Such irregular, unreliable service is no service at all, and would disrupt any organization less firm and elastic than that into which you have been admitted; and while you are dreaming of the great things you wish to do, and busying yourself with schemes for the reformation of everyone else's activity, and flying off first on one tangent and then on another,

you are spreading such confusion and litter of disorderly thought and fragmentary endeavour as require the full services of the proverbial "seven maids with seven mops" to clear away. Yet it is only when some one of your grandiose castles in the air comes tumbling down about your ears that you wake from your dreams and lament that you are an ass.

I have agreed not to dispute the term with you. Your use of it is but one of the many instances, which the philosopher or etymologist might find interest in examining, where our instinctive recognition of the wisdom of Providence and the beneficence of Karma leads us to ascribe to the disease the name of its cure. *Similia similibus curantur.* You may translate it: The cure for asininity is asshood. Meditate more assiduously upon the virtues of that excellent animal, and through emulation add them to your own. But in case you should be misled by what I wrote earlier in this letter, I beg that you will remember three things: First; it is only when ridden by a prophet that history assures us an ass may see angels. Second; it is not because of the ass, but because of the prophet that the angels are there to be seen. Third; there is a distinction to be observed between a live and a dead ass in the matter of the use of its jaw bone. This is one of the Greater Mysteries, with which St. Paul has dealt. But for the ass it means that while he lives to himself his jaw bone is for the munching of nettles, and that only when he has died to himself can it be, in the hands of one greater than he, an instrument for the slaying of enemies. Therefore, if you would see angels and slay enemies, cleave to your prophet, submit your fat sides and sturdy back to the bearing of his burden, learn to relish your daily mead of nettles, and die to yourself in cheerful, humble fidelity. So much, dear ass, for your asininity,—the divine gift of heaven's mercy that makes mere brilliance forever futile, and leads us back to the solid substance of patient labour and to the sure way all the saints have trod.

Now for the two other matters in your letter. Life and truth can only be described in terms of paradox. We no sooner make one statement than we are compelled, if we are to tell the truth and not mislead, to add its opposite. The reconciliation of these opposite and apparently contradictory statements, through which alone we can describe any spiritual principle or fact, lies in the fact or principle itself, and is found as we experience that fact or embody and put into practice that principle. It can not be found by any process of reasoning or any method of compromise; neither in choosing one horn of the dilemma, nor in endeavouring to pass between them, but rather by courageously impaling ourselves upon both do we arrive at the truth. Truth, whatever else it may be, is a very solid thing,—and the peculiarity of solids is that from whatever standpoint we view them we can see but a portion of their surface. We can, of course, by shifting our view point, see and describe first one aspect and then another, and by adding them all together gain some concept of the whole. But to touch all sides of a truth at the same time, we have to circumscribe it, and this is precisely to take it into ourselves,

to embody it and mould ourselves upon it. We think of the mind as the Knower, but it is not. It is the heart, the soul, the Self, alone that can know. The mind is but an instrument of vision, showing us aspects of things which it would be well for us to know, or guiding our will in the application of our knowledge to our daily tasks. We know, not by seeing, but by being; not by analyzing our perceptions, but by obeying them.

If you can understand and remember this, you will not be disturbed and puzzled, as you have been, by the apparent contradictions which you discover in your reading. It will be very rarely that you will find any opposition in the maxims given you to guide your action. Almost always, as is clearly the case in the instances you quote, the appearance of contradiction that so excites and troubles you is in the description of matters that really do not concern you at all, that can make no possible difference to your present life, and upon which your will cannot as yet act. Leave them alone therefore, until they do concern you,—until you have to do something about them. But, you say, what am I to believe? Believe both, if you can,—was it not the White King who practised himself in believing ten impossible things each morning before breakfast?—neither, if you cannot. Belief is only of value as a guide to action, as leading us to the experience from which knowledge is born. Where action is impossible, is it, therefore, of such tremendous moment that you should not know what to believe? Consider the vast, the infinite upon infinite extent of your ignorance. How does the addition or subtraction of this small item affect the whole?

But whatever else you do, do not let your mind fuss and fume the way it has been doing over these questions that are beyond you. When you fall into this "Kama-manasic stewing," shut up your books and put them away. It is simple vanity, and outrageously impertinent vanity, for your mind to assume that because it, forsooth, cannot reconcile these paradoxes, therefore there must be something wrong. If it could itself reconcile them there would indeed be something wrong, and you may be quite sure that whatever thing your mind believes, or can believe of itself, that thing has all the falseness of a partial truth. But it is of the essence of the mind to be presumptuous and impertinent,—as are all upstarts and usurpers until they are put back in their place,—and if you listen to it, you will end by believing nothing at all, or else entertain that most impossible and most false of contradictions: that the truth, which has nourished your life and sustained your heart and brought you unscathed through a thousand trials, is but a figment of your fancy. "The mind is the slayer of the real. Let the disciple slay the slayer."

The answer to your other question is brief. There is only one way in which we can help any of our fellows, and that way is by contagion from our own spirit. Love spreads this contagion. But it cannot spread what we have not got. Therefore we must be what we would give. If you would have another patient, be patient and love him. If you would

have another faithful, be faithful and love him. If you would have others know and love and serve the Master, know and love and serve him yourself, and, in his love, love them. There is no other way than this.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

Viewing the present crisis in the light of this Divine foreshadowing, problems otherwise inscrutable are readily resolved and events which apart from their Divine significance would have a most sinister meaning are seen as part of a great purpose of ultimate blessing. Moreover, the present unparalleled upheaval and overturning of world systems should bear to the Christian heart the most convincing testimony concerning the true source and ground of national greatness and Christian progress.

Foremost among these perhaps is the truth, made daily more evident, that true progress can have no other basis than that of Christian character. The much heralded social awakening with its ramifications in the spheres of politics, diplomacy, peace propaganda, etc., is so soon proved to be an iridescent dream. The attempt to establish world peace on a foundation of mere altruism has borne the same fruits as similar movements in the past and the sudden convulsion which has caused statesmen and social reformers of all nations to stand aghast with terrified amazement proves anew the futility of all advance in civilization and culture which is not grounded on individual righteousness.—Hugh R. Monro.

GEORGE MACDONALD, MYSTIC

ONE who looks back over 19th century literature finds an incident that is common in the lives of many writers. Brought up in what was accepted as Christian civilisation, many men and women of that century found themselves disputing the facts of Christian tradition. Many of them broke from the traditional teaching, and, led by the cravings of their own souls, worked out a form of belief that brought greater satisfaction. The new-found belief inspired their best writings. It has influenced for good thousands of readers, perhaps. The new convictions are, in most cases, deeply religious, and to a student of culture they give the impression of an earnest moral tone pervading the best life of the century. But in many cases those religious beliefs, though sincere and deep, did not come to expression in terms sufficiently conventional to be acceptable to the champions of established orthodoxy. There was thus throughout the century something of a breach between culture on one hand and orthodoxy on the other. Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin and George Eliot in prose, Wordsworth and Shelley in verse, represent many who, though religious, are not recognised by average orthodox people in general as sound.

George Macdonald is one more of those who struggled to work out their own salvation. He succeeded. He succeeded also in expressing his new beliefs in old terms. Perhaps what he did was to discover the real meaning of the old formulas—the exhaustless truths protected within their words. The result is that he is less of an anathema to the average uncultivated clergyman and reader than many other literary men are. It is true that at the beginning of his career Macdonald was asked to resign his pulpit because his congregation thought he gave them an insufficient amount of "doctrine." But there was no trial for heresy. Macdonald's character was good enough to fill in the breach of "little doctrine." There was no recrimination, and he has appeared with no unpleasant light about him.

Macdonald was born in 1824, a descendant from an old Highland family. He prepared himself for the dissenting ministry, but his career ended in 1853. Without an income, he had to provide a maintenance for his family. Delicate health increased the difficulty of his situation; he was unable to stand the English winters and had to recuperate in the Riviera. He gave lectures, public and private. He began to publish. His published writings won generous friends. The generosity of these friends and the proceeds of books and lectures were his sole provision. He died in 1905. After the resignation of his Congregational pulpit, he entered the Church of England. He was never ordained, but continued a lay preacher.

Besides sermons, essays and poems, Macdonald has written a dozen or more novels, and several books for children. The novels are, some, romances, others, plain tales of common life.

Macdonald's novels differ from what is generally understood as fiction in this respect: they concentrate interest upon the development of a soul. Ordinary fiction is concerned with external events, with the manipulation of certain given persons and incidents so as to bring about the "happy ever after." Fiction writers of talent often give accurate and fascinating psychological studies, but only rarely does fiction enter the spiritual realm. It does so with George Eliot, for one exception. Her personal life was one of religious postulancy. She longed for religious knowledge and sought it, but never quite found. Her ardent and genuine search makes itself felt in many of her characters, Maggie Tulliver, preëminently. We feel them as souls, more or less dimmed, nevertheless souls—not psychological subjects. In other novelists such as Miss Austin and Thackeray, the spiritual is felt as the substratum under the society that is depicted. The charm, the gay good sense of Elizabeth Bennett are graces and refinements that make themselves manifest on the surface of that society only which has in some measure been subjected to the discipline of the religious life. The mellow virtues which grace some of Thackeray's heroes, Colonel Newcome or Henry Esmond, represent a world code of honor and courtesy that has been drawn up by religion alone. Carlyle thinks that something of the same kind is true of Shakespeare: that in Shakespeare we have the body of which Dante is the heart. If that were true, it might explain the spiritual element that is so often read into Shakespeare's plays. Thus one actor of my acquaintance has long desired to stage Hamlet as a sort of Matthew Arnold-Cardinal Newman struggle between infidelity and Catholic doctrine. He would surround Hamlet with the emblems of the faith. He would represent him gazing on a Crucifix during the corrider scene with Ophelia—startled at first to the exclamation, "Nymph," then, in recollection, kneeling at her feet and beseeching that in the prayers she is reading from her Breviary his own misdeeds may be remembered. This actor would set the final tableau in a cathedral—the dead bodies sleeping peacefully under the compassionate arms of the Rood. That is an interesting conception. But did Shakespeare have it? Do his other plays warrant us in believing that Shakespeare was writing spiritual history? Is it not rather psychology? Lear, Coriolanus, Othello take no step forward. They learn, for the moment only, that in the set of circumstances by which they are surrounded, self-will means hell and destruction. They learn that lesson with great difficulty as the result of smashing blows from circumstances. But do they really learn the lesson permanently? What is the result of the incarnation to the spiritual Hamlet, Lear, Othello? Have they apprehended and assimilated any principle? Place them again in similar situations, would their course be much different?

Granted that they recognise the mistake made in the one instance. Have they recognised the fundamental flaws in character from which the mistake proceeded?

Macdonald's aim in his novels is to lead the soul to recognise itself as the agent that acts through the personality. The novels thus picture many grades of discipleship. The best of the novels are *Sir Gibbie* and *David Elginbrod*. Both are Scotch. In both the influence of Wordsworth is strong. Macdonald knew the justness of Wordsworth's position in regard to the peasant—that the soul can function as actively in an unbooked laborer as in a mentally trained scholar. Wordsworth did not of course discover that truth, but he stood so firmly for it against a world already committing itself to "progress of the race," "education," etc., that it is easy to connect it with him. Macdonald's peasants have two teachers—the Master Himself, and the Master's spirit vivifying the natural world. Janet, the shepherd-wife in the book *Sir Gibbie,* and David Elginbrod we may look upon perhaps as candidates for sanctification. Both pray fervently, passionately. Both have brooded over the Scripture story until, in process of meditation, it comes out of the past, and becomes present history. Janet went scrupulously through her round of duties, alive to the Master's humanity and friendship, expecting to see Him alive in His body there on the Scotch mountain. So simple and confident was her belief that, on the sunset evening when the tiny Sir Gibbie came running toward her cottage, his clothes torn off by his persecutors and his back crossed by the whip, she received him as the Divine Child scarred afresh by the sins of the world and appearing to her under that form as most likely to win entrance to her mother's heart.

David Elginbrod, the devout and wise farmer, dies soon after the novel of that name gets well launched. But Macdonald pictures David as living conscious of his soul; David had made the transfer of consciousness. Notwithstanding the death and disappearance of David's body and personality, his spirit is definite and vital; it presides over and guides the whole course of after events. I do not mean that David's spook intervenes. No such phantasm appears. The real spirit of the man directs, though invisible. David planted and waited for growth. He saw the ideal potential within the youth, Hugh. He pointed out the way. When reaction followed, and Hugh turned away forgetful, David waited in cheerful confidence of the end.

In the novel *David Elginbrod* there is a very dramatic scene that marks the conversion of a soul from evil to good—the girl Euphrasia. Her intense selfishness had made her a victim of black magic. The two pupils of the departed David see the divine possibilities in her and long for her deliverance. But they know that can result only from an act of her own will. A feverish and weakened bodily condition accompanies her paralysis of will. Their prayers at last lead the girl to pray for herself—to pray for deliverence from the selfish man who had

obtained power over her. To watch and assist the dying girl in her effort, David's daughter sleeps in the room with her, while Hugh, David's friend, knowing that the combat is drawing close, watches in the house porch. In the middle of the night the dying girl becomes aware of a concentrated effort of her evil master's will upon her. She creeps from bed to respond but, recalling her resolution, prays passionately for help. David's daughter, Margaret, is awakened. She hastens to the aid of the struggling lady and passes between her and the evil connection. As it consciously of Margaret's magnetism crossing and dominating his own the man runs off defeated. The victorious struggle wrecked the dying girl's body. But Margaret and Hugh had anticipated that result of their affectionate interest. They risked the death of the lady's body and personality for the sake of bringing her will, her soul, to birth.

There are some novels that describe the collision between complacent orthodoxy and persons who are truly seeking religion. These novels are interesting because we feel they are to some extent autobiographical. But they are far less satisfactory than *Sir Gibbie* or The *Marquis of Lossie*. *Robert Falconer* is the best known of this class. The early part of R. Robert's boyhood with his stern intense loving grandmother, promises well. But it is a shocking disappointment to have that poetic boy grow into nothing better than a settlement worker. Noble, unselfish, Falconer undoubtedly is. But he is the slave of a fallacy, the fallacy of the suffering poor. Most clear-headed people who spend any time with the poor and gain first-hand knowledge of them come to see that their conditions (poverty, physical hardship, disease, etc.) are providences of benign law. The conditions which seem unjust to a sentimental eye are paternal checks that in some measure restrain the headlong rush to destruction. Extravagant, reckless, unrestrained poor! What but iron necessity could even slightly rein in your wild license and lady of self-indulgence? Falconer's conversation with the veiled lady who has an emotional stirring to assist him in his slum labors is a very wise piece of counsel. It might well be studied by all who rush around with sentimental offers of their service.

In the novel *Robert Falconer* a mystery surrounds the boy's birth. This mystery of birth is such a frequent device in Macdonald's plots that I am inclined to accept it as symbolical—like Gueschen Teufelsdröckh's. Cumbermede, Malcolm, Sir Gibbie and others are nobles in exile, knights incognito—lost sons. The spiritual divinity is in them; and it works out its splendid manifestation through all the layers of repeated vile birth, foul associations, and evil machinations. These novels are full of romance and adventure, thieves, villians, black magic and conclusions of manner. It is notable however that Macdonald's heroes arrive by none of the horribly selfish and ludicrous designing that marks the romanticism of post-revolutionary France—Hernani and Ruy Blas. Macdonald's heroes are disguised gentlemen, not lawless bandits and

ambitious lackeys. They succeed because they esteem service an immense privilege. Their ambitions go no further than a faithful and excellent performance of their assigned duties. They have learned to a notable degree the meaning of obedience. Perhaps nothing is more misunderstood in the modern world than the old virtue of obedience. We hear so much talk of rendering obedience to those who are worthy of it. But one is tempted to ask in Scripture terms "If ye obey those who deserve, what reward have ye?" Modern objectors miss the point altogether. Obedience is a spiritual force. Its value is in no way connected with the rightness of the command or the merit of the one who gives the command. Some act quite bad from any standpoint of pure morals may be imposed by one in authority. According to present-day opinion, if the thing commanded seem wrong (or ill-judged) to the one whose duty it is to do it that one is thereby released. But that is taking one's own will and inclination as guide, whereas the principle of obedience is the surrender of one's own will and judgment to another. Obedience in the performance of a morally wrong act is a cleansing fire which purifies the doer from the consequences of the act. With him there lay no responsibility of rightness or wrongness. His sole responsibility was giving obedience where due. It is Macdonald's clear recognition of obedience as the divine method to knowledge that enables him to write with such authority about the spiritual life. He comments in one place: "In respect to great truths investigation goes for little, speculation for nothing; if a man would *know* them, he must *obey* them. Their nature is such that the only door into them is obedience."

It is obedience to the personal duties of their place in life that fits Sir Gibbie and Malcolm for the higher obedience that takes a man out of the worldly multitude and prepares him for discipleship. Think of a present-day Child Welfare Reformer with a case like Wee Sir Gibbie—the drunken father to lead home nightly—and the other drunkards similarly tended by the child in affectionate memory of his father. That filial respect to an unworthy father was the foundation of Sir Gibbie's success—in the world and in the Kingdom. So too, with Malcolm, the Marquis of Lossie. When Macdonald has to explain to average religious people the extraordinary spiritual wisdom of the Marquis who was born and bred a fisher lad, he writes: "Understanding is the reward of obedience. Peter says, 'the Holy Ghost whom God hath given to them that *obey* Him.' Obedience is the key to every door. I am perplexed at the stupidity of the ordinary religious being. In the most practical of all matters he will talk and speculate and try to feel, but he will not set himself to *do*. It is different with Malcolm. From the first he has been trying to obey. . . . If you had seen, as I have, the almost superhuman struggles of his will to master the fierce temper his ancestors gave him, you would marvel less at what he has so early become. I have seen him, white with passion, cast himself on his face on the shore and claw with his hands to the earth as if in a

paroxysm of bodily suffering: then after a few moments rise and do a service to the man who had wronged him. Were it any wonder if the light should have soon gone up in a soul like that?" When one contrasts the true spirituality of Malcolm and Gibbie, their radiant joy and victorious power, with the noble but sad philanthrophy of Falconer, one cannot but trace the unhappy difference between joy and sadness to Falconer's boyish disobedience. Many readers will start at such a statement. His boyhood of manly sympathy and admiration is so poetic, his brave acceptance of his stern grandmother's Puritanical rule. But he did not wholly accept it. He resented it and slipped from the yoke—sought the consolations of wider life as represented by Mary St. John. That effort to widen his horizon, to make his life fuller of brightness and color, was an impulse of his mind and was opposed to obedience which is a thing of the heart. His later life in London was the harvest. He reaped a noble unselfishness, a wide sympathy with men and women. He had the moral virtues. But he did not reap the fruits of the spirit, "Joy," etc., which come from religion alone.

The novels are interesting. They leave one with memories of truly religious people. The lives of Malcolm and Gibbie and David are as inspiring as many biographies of actual men and women in the religious life. But Macdonald's books for children are better even than his best novels. Like many books for children they are appreciated most by mature men and women—most of all, perhaps, by those men and women who are little children of the new Kingdom. Macdonald himself admits that he wrote them not so much for children as for the child-like of all ages—whether of five, or fifty, or seventy-five. The best way to describe these books, *At the Back of the North Wind,* and the *Curdy* volumes is to call them fairy stories. Fairies do not come into all the stories, but elements of the marvellous and supernatural do. Usually there is allegory also. I do not mean that the books are allegories; they are full of allegorical touches. Thus one does not read as if the story were a picture puzzle, in search of adjoining parts; one reads and gets many deep suggestions as he reads. Macdonald explains a fairy-tale as a sort of bee or butterfly: "It helps itself on all sides, sips at every wholesome flower, and spoils not one." The aim of his tales, Macdonald wrote, when he was once asked to explain their significance, is not logical conviction but the awakening of conscience. They assail the soul as the wind assails an æolian harp. If music is in the soul it may awake to the magic breath. The tales are fire-flies that now flash, now are dark, then flash out again.

Many people who read the tales think they find the deepest truths of religion in them—not logically or sermon-wise set forth, but florally as it were, in the speech of birds and shells and blossoms. What a graphic picture of the *Ladder of Perfection* he gives us—the ladder of life up which we climb one duty at a time, the task of the moment: "He tried the key. It fitted. It turned. A great clang and clash, as of iron

bolts on huge brazen caldrons, echoed thunderously within. He drew out the key. The rock in front of him began to fall. He retreated from it as far as the breadth of the platform would allow. A great slab fell at his feet. In front was still the solid rock, with this one slab fallen forward out of it. But the moment he stepped upon it, a second fell, just short of the edge of the first, making the next step of a stair, which thus kept dropping itself before him as he ascended into the heart of the precipice."

There are still other people who find many occult teachings in these children's stories—even doctrines of the theosophical philosophy. Curdy's *real* hand is an example of what I mean. Curdy is told by the Fairy princess that what he looks upon as his hand is only a hairy-glove covering the real hand inside. And she tells him that as the result of his bravery, he will now use the real hand. The real hand will reveal to him the true individuality of every creature he meets—the individuality hidden within the disguise of personality and body. It is thus that he discovers the snake and fox-like egos of the King's courtiers. Another example is the "land of shadows." Where else does one find so suggestive a description of the psychic realm? "Looking down, they could not tell whether the valley below was a grassy plain or a great still lake. They had never seen any space look like it. The way to it was difficult and dangerous, but down the narrow path they went, and reached the bottom in safety. They found it composed of smooth, light-colored sandstone, undulating in parts, but mostly level. It was no wonder to them now that they had not been able to tell what it was, for this surface was everywhere crowded with shadows. It was a sea of shadows. The mass was chiefly made up of the shadows of leaves innumerable, of all lovely and imaginative forms, waving to and fro, floating and quivering in the breath of a breeze whose motion was unfelt, whose sound was unheard. No forests clothed the mountain-side, no trees were anywhere to be seen, and yet the shadows of the leaves, branches, and stems of all various trees covered the valley as far as the eyes could reach. They soon spied the shadows of flowers mingled with those of the leaves, and now and then the shadow of a bird with open beak, and throat distended with song. At times would appear the forms of strange, graceful creatures, running up and down the shadow-boles and along the branches, to disappear in the wind-tossed foliage. As they walked they waded knee-deep in the lovely lake. For the shadows were not merely lying on the surface of the ground, but heaped up above it like substantial forms of darkness, as if they had been cast upon a thousand different planes of air. Tangle and Mossy often lifted their heads and gazed upwards to descry whence the shadows came; but they could see nothing more than a bright mist spread above them, higher than the tops of the mountains, which stood clear against it. No forests, no leaves, no birds were visible.

"After a while, they reached more open spaces, where the shadows

were thinner, and came even to portions over which shadows only flitted, leaving them clear for such as might follow. Now a wonderful form, half bird-like, half human, would float across on out-spread sailing pinions. Anon, an exquisite shadow-group of gambolling children would be followed by the loveliest female form, and that again by the grand stride of a Titanic shape, each disappearing in the surrounding press of shadowy foliage. Sometimes a profile of unspeakable beauty or grandeur would appear for a moment and vanish. Sometimes they seemed lovers that passed linked arm in arm. Sometimes father and son, sometimes brothers in loving contest, sometimes sisters entwined in gracefullest community of complex form. Sometimes wild horses would tear across, free, or bestrode by noble shadows of ruling men. But some of the things which pleased them most they never knew how to describe.

"About the middle of the plain they sat down to rest in the heart of a heap of shadows. After sitting there for a while, each, looking up, saw the other in tears: they were each longing after the country whence the shadows fell."

It might be equivocal praise to say that Macdonald's greatest success is that he arouses in us longing for the country whence the shadows fall. So many dreary novelists do that by driving us in reaction from the sordid world they reproduce in their books. Macdonald makes us wish for Heaven through the beauty and charm that grace it. Like Angelico he shows it as a flowery mead where saints and angels play in rosy ring.

ALFRED WILLISTON.

God is more anxious to bestow His blessings upon us than we are to receive them.—St. Augustine.

PATANJALI AND HIS DISCIPLES

DR. J. HAUGHTON WOODS prints, in the November number of the Journal of the American Oriental Society, a translation of the Yoga Sutras of Patanjali, as illustrated by the Commentary entitled The Jewel's Lustre. And we have to thank Dr. Woods for giving us, in this translation, a singularly excellent piece of work. At first sight, one would say that there is nothing of himself in it, that he completely conceals himself behind his author; neither introduction nor comment nor personal view of any kind; so that we cannot say, from any express declaration of his, whether he holds the philosophy of Patanjali to be good, bad or indifferent, of little value or of high worth. Yet, when one goes into his work a little further, one finds at every point the signs of most careful judgment, of a weighing and considering of the weights and values of words; a long and faithful preparation, admirably thorough, admirably comprehensive; and a very high standard of excellence, consistently lived up to, from the first page to the last; so that, in this, which is, perhaps, the best of all ways, Dr. Woods allows us to learn very much of him, of the high cultivation of his gifts, of the keen and penetrating quality of his mind.

In parenthesis, let us say that, for a worker with such high standards, there must be something peculiarly painful, excruciating even, in the accidents which, through no fault of his, have befallen this fine piece of work; accidents which no one could have foreseen, and which no care could have guarded against. As we interpret the signs, the matter fell out thus: Since the American Oriental Society contains many scholars learned in remote and difficult tongues, the type-setting of which presents peculiar difficulties, its Journal is, by an arrangement of long standing, set up and printed in a country of Europe esteemed most erudite. That country happened, during the course of the period when this number of the Journal was being printed, to enter a state of war. As a result, many things, including the mails, were thrown into confusion, and many documents came under unusual and in some cases, hostile scrutiny. It would appear, from internal evidence, that the revised proofs of this translation came under this category; they were either held as conditional contraband, or they were seized by the agents of the General Staff, as documents in cypher or in code. This is our conjecture. At least, it is certain that they did not reach the printer in time to be embodied in the text as we have it before us. As a result, we have a large number of very disconcerting misprints. For example, the third sutra of the third book reads thus:

"Concentration is the same (concentration) appearing as the object only, and, as it were, emptied of itself." This is puzzling; but a careful

study of the Comment shows that the second "concentration" should be read "contemplation." The meaning, therefore is, that "Concentration (*samadhi*) is contemplation (*dhyana*) appearing as the object only, and, as it were, emptied of itself." Even then, we find the Comment describing how "concentration 'trobs' forth as the object and nothing more," where the revised proof, confiscated by the General Staff, as we infer, undoubtedly read "throbs."

Again, the eighteenth sutra of the first book is introduced by a sentence which, as printed, reads thus: (Patanjali) "now describes the (concentration) conscious (of an object) and the method (of attaining it)." But the translation of the sutra itself makes it clear that we are dealing, on the contrary, with "concentration *un*conscious of an object." In the Comment on the fifteenth sutra of the first book, we have a similarly confusing omission, "There are four forms of consciousness," when we ought to have "There are four forms of *passionless* consciousness," a wholly different idea. But the most heart-breaking blunder of all, perhaps, is the translation of the twenty-seventh sutra of the third book, which is made to read as follows:

"(As a result of constraint) upon the moon there arises (intuitive) knowledge of the arrangement of the stores." If one be sufficiently malicious, one may try to divine what meaning this would convey, let us say, to the hyper-ingenious mind of that member of the General Staff whom we suspect of holding up Dr. Woods' revised proofs. A knowledge of the arrangement of the stores, to be arrived at—how? As a result of constraint upon the moon! Surely, a disquieting sentence, in itself enough, perhaps, to account for the detention of the whole document. The solution is, that "stores" is a misprint for "stars." Patanjali has in mind the heavenly bodies, and not stores, whether military or departmental. Again, if one were malicious, one might suggest that a yoga practice, which gave one an intuitive knowledge of the arrangement of department stores might, indeed, be a valuable possession, in these hurried days of ours.

The truth is, these misprints are so exasperating, that one's only hope is to take them good-humoredly. In many cases, too, they can be corrected in virtue of that peculiar habit of Indian Commentators, who almost invariably repeat word for word, in the Commentary, the sentence which they are about to elucidate. So that we have a double chance of escaping the printer's machinations.

We spoke of these sutras as giving the impression of being in cypher, or in code. And, on reflection, it seems to us that there is a great deal of validity in the comparison. These sutras, like the even more famous Vedanta Sutras, were not meant to be generally intelligible. They are mnemonics, rather than literature. We must remember that, at the time when they were composed, as for very many centuries before and after, spiritual knowledge was not taught broadcast, was not democratized, as it is in our day. It is the great honour of the Buddha, that he tried to

make his teaching accessible to all. But, for most of India, spiritual teaching was as much a matter of divine right, as royalty was, in France before the Revolution. One was born with, or without, the right to certain teaching. Even then, for those born to knowledge, there were rigid qualifications, as well of moral character as of mental force. Nor did the matter end there. By a rule, which was eminently wise, the student, the disciple, was compelled to make good each step, before the following step was revealed to him. He must learn to say A, before B was disclosed. The teaching was uncovered step by step, one step at a time. And it was given to him, not in a written treatise, though writing seems to have been well known at a very remote period in India, but orally, the Teacher explaining the thought, or revealing the moral idea, or directing the action, which the pupil must then master, and carry out. It was, in a way, more like our practical training in physics or chemistry, than like modern schooling in philosophy. Now, the sutras, in our comparison, like the formulæ of chemistry or physics, are very difficult to understand without the accompanying oral teaching; intentionally obscure; therefore to be compared not inaptly to a cypher or a code.

And, in a code, everything lies in the exact interpretation of the words. In considering this, a few general considerations may be held in mind: The first is, that, in different schools, the same Sanskrit word may come to have very different, even seemingly contrary, shades of meaning; take for instance the word *buddhi*. It may mean almost anything from an opinion to spiritual illumination. Yet we shall always find, if we search closely, that the fundamental, etymological meaning remains. In Sanskrit, more, perhaps, than in any other language, words go straight back to their elements. And this is the more true, the further back we go in the sacred literature of India. Words, as they drift down the ages, become narrower, more technical, more the catchwords of this or another school or sect. They become, as it were, dried up, flattened out, desiccated. And so with philosophical thought. It is full and deep and rich in the great Upanishads; somewhat less rich, yet luminous and of high value, in the Bhagavad Gita; drier, more technical, more a matter of ingenious mental analysis, when we come to the Vedanta sutras, as expounded in the long commentary attributed to Shankaracharya.

It always seems to me that the Yoga Sutras went through a somewhat similar flattening and desiccating process, as they came down the centuries; that what began as moral and spiritual, tended to end as mental and analytical. And, from the present Commentary, The Jewel's Lustre, one gets, I think, the same impression; it has become so much a matter of mental analysis. One wonders whether the undoubtedly learned and really very able and lucid Commentator ever tried to put the system into practice; or, as has happened in other lands, was he satisfied with analyzing Grace and Works, without seeking grace to perform works. Patanjali composed the sutras, it would appear, about the time of the Buddha. It has even been said that much of Buddha's thought implies, if not the

Yoga Sutras, at any rate a system very similar to that expounded in the Sutras. And Patanjali did not create his system out of the blue, so to speak. It is not a new invention, but rather the development, the practical application to moral ends, of the so-called Sankhya, or Enumerative, System, which tradition attributes to the sage Kapila, who must have lived a good deal earlier than the Buddha, since the Buddha was born in Kapila's City, which was already of old renown. Perhaps we may say, then, that Patanjali was a contemporary of Plato and Confucius. But the present Commentary, The Jewel's Lustre, appears to date from the time of Shakespeare. And, in the ages between Plato and Shakespeare there is room for a great deal of that flattening and desiccating process which we have suggested; and, to speak frankly, we get the impression that the process has taken place. One feels the atmosphere to be mental rather than moral, analytical rather than spiritual; though, it is true, it is full of admirable lucidity,—a lucidity rather of the head than of the heart. And this analytical quality the translator has faithfully adhered to, and indeed he was bound to, by the canons he laid down for himself: a version of the Yoga Sutras, "as illustrated by the Comment entitled The Jewel's Lustre."

So that it seems to me that, in this admirably lucid and exact translation, something which was in the original teaching of Patanjali is missing; it has evaporated. Something of high value, very inspiring, speaking to the heart rather than the head; something able to move the will; something which, in translating and commenting on the Yoga Sutras, I have tried to preserve; reading the Sutras, not so much with the eyes of one or another Commentator, as in the light of the whole body of the spiritual thought of India, beginning with the Great Upanishads. For it seems to me that to this great body of spiritual thought Patanjali's teaching undoubtedly belongs. But at the same time, while suggesting this difference of standpoint and method, I must not fail to express my feeling of indebtedness to Dr. Woods, for a closer understanding of a number of technical points, which I hope to take advantage of, in revising the version of the Sutras I have alluded to.

In interpreting a cypher or a code, as has been said, much, nay, almost everything, depends on the exact values of words. And each of the systems of spiritual thought in India has its special, characteristic words, a right comprehension and a sound translation of which, are of the utmost moment. Of Buddhism, for instance, the characteristic words are Karma and Nirvana; how to free oneself from Karma, thereby attaining Nirvana. And we know what difficulties beset the translation of Nirvana; so much so, that it is almost always left untranslated. Of the Vedanta, the characteristic word is Atma; the whole system is bent toward the discovery of Atma in oneself, and the final identification of that Atma with Brahma: the Self with the Eternal. Of the Sankhya and Yoga systems, the characteristic words are Purusha and Prakriti, which mean, in their simplest form, Man and Nature, as standing face

to face with each other. But in a deeper sense Purusha means Spirit, or, perhaps the Heavenly Man, as in the great Vedic Hymn to Purusha: "The Heavenly Man has a thousand heads, a thousand eyes, a thousand feet," the Hymn which goes on to tell how the gods immolated the Heavenly Man, binding Him to a stake, and how, from that universal sacrifice, the worlds and the races of men came into being.

The word Purusha occurs again and again in the Great Upanishads, in meanings varying between man and the Heavenly Man, or Universal Spirit. For example, in a famous passage in the Brihad-aranyaka Upanishad, King Janaka asks Yajnavalkya, "What is the light of the spirit of man?" The word here used is Purusha, and it is clear that, at first, it means little more than "man," since it is a question of the man being guided by sound, when it is so dark that he cannot see his hand before his face. But there is one very celebrated passage in the Katha Upanishad, almost at the end, where the word Purusha has decidedly a cosmic, a macrocosmic, meaning. The passage is this:

"Higher than the powers (indriya) is manas; higher than manas is the most excellent sattva. The Atma which is great is higher than sattva; than the Great, the most excellent Unmanifest is higher. Higher than the Unmanifest is Purusha, far-reaching, formless; knowing Whom a being is set free and goes to immortality."

Here is the kernel of the Sankhya and Yoga systems, which have as their aim just that liberation and immortality, to be gained by a knowledge of Purusha. The Sankhya system seeks to bring about a knowledge of Purusha through analysis; the Yoga system seeks the same end through practices. It is, if you wish, the conflict between Faith and Works.

Purusha, then, is the central word of the Sankhya and Yoga systems, just as Atma is the central word of the Vedanta system. And I must confess that I doubt the expediency of translating the Sankhya-Yoga word as though it were the Vedanta word; the expediency of translating Purusha by "Self," as Dr. Woods does throughout this version. This is, perhaps, to lose a valuable distinction, a distinction of colour, if nothing else. And its use almost leads one into heresy; for example, in the twenty-fourth sutra of the first book, where it is said that "Ishvara (the Lord, or Master) is a special kind of Self," this is undoubtedly unorthodox from a Vedantin standpoint, as there can be no such thing as "a special kind of Self," seeing that the Self is universal. And one may go further, and question whether Purusha, in the Sankhya-Yoga system, covers the same ground as Atma does in the Vedanta system. Here is a fundamental difference: According to the thought of the Sankhyas, there are innumerable Purushas; as many men, so many Purushas; nor does there seem to be any necessary union or unity underlying this infinite diversity. But while, in the Vedanta, one may, perhaps, say that there are as many selves as there are men, yet the whole purpose of the Vedanta is, to show, and to bring to practical consciousness, that all these selves

are but the one Self, just as the images in bubbles are reflections of the one Sun. So that it seems to me that it would be safer and clearer not to translate the great Sankhya-Yoga word as though it were the great Vedanta word, as Dr. Woods does, throughout this translation.

The little text we quoted from the Katha Upanishad shows the attainment of liberation through the knowledge of Purusha. The Sankhya system postulates a fall into bondage through an inverse process. Purusha, face to face with Prakriti, Man face to face with Nature, sees himself reflected in Nature, and takes the image for the original; by identifying himself with this image in the substance of Nature, he becomes subject to the mutations of nature, falls into bondage to mutability, to change and pain and death. It is the Sankhya version of the Fall of Man, and the Sankhya tells man how to work out his salvation, not so much with fear and trembling, as with detachment and wisdom, finally recognizing himself as that Purusha which is free and immortal.

But there is, perhaps, a further objection to translating Purusha by the word Self. It is this: There is good reason for believing that, throughout the Yoga Sutras, we are not considering the ultimate Self, the infinite, unconditioned One, but rather something much more individual and personal: something much lower and earlier, if one may use the expression; something, in fact, which is described by Paul, in his first letter to Corinth, as "the celestial body," a term which did not, for Paul, mean the last and highest reality, the Logos, but a degree of spiritual life to be attained by men individually, by men remaining in a certain definite sense personal, though of a higher and purer personality than that which is experienced in ordinary worldly life.

So that, having in view this much more individual being, this personal, though celestial life, I have translated Purusha by the phrase "the spiritual man," which is, indeed, rather Paul's than mine, and which, I believe, rightly suggests a close analogy between the teaching of Paul and certain sides of the Indian teaching. For example, when Paul insists on salvation by Faith, that is, by a certain state of spiritual consciousness, he comes very close to the Indian schools which, opposing the Vedic way of Works, declare that salvation is to be attained through spiritual discernment, or illumination.

In the choice of another word, I think Dr. Woods might, perhaps, have fallen on a happier equivalent of the Sanskrit. It is the word which expresses the final goal, the liberation attained, when Purusha, self-recognized, stands forth free and perfect. The Sanskrit word is Kaivalya, a noun derived from the adjective kevala, the simplest meaning of which is "alone." Dr. Woods has chosen the word Isolation, to represent the noun, and Isolation is, therefore, held up, as the supreme goal of spiritual effort. But I must confess that, as a goal of effort—effort to be carried on, perhaps, through many lives,—Isolation leaves me cold. After all, it means, does it not, being "left on an island," which suggests rather loneliness than attainment. There

is, in the word, no suggestion that, among the rewards of the supreme spiritual attainment, there may be communion with the Divine, communion with the souls of those we love. Yet both these ideas are undoubtedly in the mind of Patanjali. On the other hand, it is true that the word Isolation does echo what Emerson has so beautifully expressed:

"The soul gives itself, alone, original and pure, to the Lonely, Original and Pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks through it. . . ."

But for the most part Dr. Woods is as happy as he is thoughtful in his choice of words. Take, for example, the definition of Yoga, in the second sutra of the first book:

"Yoga is the restriction of the fluctuations of the mind-stuff;" the word translated "mind-stuff" being *chitta.* In what is, I think, the earliest, or one of the earliest versions of Patanjali, this sutra was rendered thus: "Yoga is the suppression of the transformations of the thinking principle." But, for English readers, the thinking principle is hardly distinguishable from pure consciousness; and to suppress its transformations looks very like deadness, sheer unconsciousness. But Patanjali has in view, not pure consciousness, but that part of Nature, as distinguished from Spirit, which, under the illumining and warming rays of Spirit, forms the personal man, the field of emotion, passion, analytical reasoning,—all that mental and emotional activity which makes up the personal life. This part or fragment of nature is the personal *sattva,* or being, a word probably taken from the text we quoted from the Katha Upanishad. The sattva is not spirit. It is rather thought of as material, though in a finer sense. It is inflamed by passion, or rendered inert by darkness; and these phases form the misery of ordinary life. But the darkness is to be driven away, the passion is to be stilled, and then the sattva will reflect the pure light of Spirit, and that alone. This is the first step towards recognition of oneself as pure Spirit, as Purusha, that recognition being final liberation,—what Dr. Woods translates Isolation. Therefore the choice of the phrase "mind-stuff" seems singularly happy; it is at once sufficiently material, to show that we are not dealing with Spirit; sufficiently immaterial, to show we are not dealing with sheer materialism.

The sattva is conceived of as filled with the impresses of past experiences, thoughts, emotions. The Sanskrit word used is *Sanskara,* the history of which is somewhat as follows: Literally, it means an adornment, an ornament, and especially the ornaments which the potters make on the wet clay of their water-jars, before they fire them. These are rough patterns, roughly cut or pressed in the clay, when it is still soft, so that "impress," or "impression" comes very close to the original thought. The name Sanskrit, the "adorned" language, is another form of the same word. Sanskara, then, Dr. Woods courageously translates "subliminal-impression," a rendering which, for the most part, seems admirable, though it may be questionable whether the sanskaras are

always subliminal, always "below the threshold" of consciousness. In one case, however, that of the eighteenth sutra of the third book, the use of the phrase is nothing short of illuminating: "As the result of direct-experience of subliminal impressions there is the (intuitive) knowledge of previous births." Here is a singularly suggestive bringing together of ancient and modern psychology.

The word *tapas,* which Dr. Woods translates "self-castigation," I am not so sure of. Tapas does, it is true, mean penance, but that is not, I think, its original, its fundamental meaning. It comes from a root meaning "burn," or "warm," and is used, in the oldest Upanishads, to indicate the power of the Spirit which "dove-like, sat brooding o'er the vast abyss;" the power which, in so many symbolic cosmogonies, warms the world-egg into life. I have quoted Milton's word, "brooding," which he himself took from Genesis, because, like the Sanskrit word tapas, "brooding" means both physical heat and a mood of the mind, the purpose of which is, to hatch new ideas. And I believe that tapas, the warming and enkindling fire of the mind, very often means "aspiration," or "fervour,"—the heat of the spirit, which brings forth new life.

But tapas has its penitential meaning too,—the burning and purifying power of self-sacrifice; typified, in India, by that very severe penance, still practised by ascetics, of standing in the midst of a group of four fires, with the tropical sun beating down on one's head. But it seems to me that to translate tapas always by "self-castigation," which suggests a bodily scourging in the most literal sense, is, perhaps, to limit its meaning too much. The idea is, without doubt, that of Paul, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection:" perhaps "mortification" would be a good rendering. Yet this penitential meaning is not the primary one; "fervour," some word suggesting creative spiritual heat, seems to be the primary meaning.

One more verbal criticism. Dr. Woods translates the thirty-second sutra of the third book thus: "(As a result of constraint) upon the radiance in the head (there follows) the sight of the Siddhas;" and renders the Comment thus: "As a result of constraint upon that aperture which is in the skull, the so-called opening of Brahma, and which—after there is a conjunction (of this light) with the Sushumna and after there is a conjunction of the jewel's lustre of the mind-stuff resident in the heart—becomes resplendent as the radiance in the head—(as a result of this) he beholds the Siddhas, although they are invisible." Now that leaves one who is unacquainted with the Sanskrit term very much in the dark. Who or what are the Siddhas? They are the possessors of Siddhis, or magical powers; or, better still, they are those who have "attained,"—to use another of Paul's phrases. They are those spirits of just men made perfect, who have been called Adepts or Masters. It is the vision of the Masters that at this stage rewards the disciple. It is, perhaps, too weighty a word to leave untranslated, as Dr. Woods

leaves it; the more so, as the word "adept" is exactly parallel to it etymologically.

But these are verbal matters about which it is possible to hold very divergent views. One translation appeals to one student, another to another. And it is always quite manifest that Dr. Woods has chosen thoughtfully and carefully, seeing very clearly the difficulties which arise from the fact that none of our words fit exactly the words we are trying to translate. It is like fitting a pentagon over a square; we can get most of it covered, but the corners will never match.

But the value of Dr. Woods' work lies in its faithfulness and its lucidity, and in the thorough-going way in which it has been done. Perhaps this sutra, with its commentary, will illustrate these qualities as well as any other:

"The yogin's karma is neither-white-nor-black; (the karma) of others is of three kinds:"—"White karma is to be attained by voice and by central-organ and its sole result is pleasure; it is found among those who are disposed to study and self-castigation. Black karma has its sole result in pain; it is found among the base. White-and-black-(karma) has a mixed result in pleasure and in pain and it is to be affected by outer means; it is found among the devotees of the *soma* sacrifice. In these (three) cases, because it is connected with the crushing of ants and similar (creatures)—in so far as rice or other grains are destroyed—and with aid to others, such as the giving of fees, there is this karma of three kinds in the case of 'others,' (that is) those who are not yogins. But the karma of yogins (that is) of ascetics, because they have cast off the karma which is to be effected by outer means, is not white-or-black. Because the hindrances have dwindled it is not black; because the result of the right-living is committed to the Ishvara without desiring any result it is not white karma. Consequently by means of the discriminative discernment into the purity of the mind-stuff the karma which is neither-white-nor-black has as its sole result release."

One more example of the excellent workmanship of Dr. Woods, and we have done. It is a part of the Comment on the fiftieth sutra of the third book, which Dr. Woods translates as follows:

"In case of solicitations from those in high places, these should arouse no attachment or pride, for undesirable consequences recur." The Commentator first asks to which class of yogins this danger, solicitation from those in high places, is likely to occur, and, after describing four classes of yogins, declares: "So, by elimination, it is the second yogin, the *Madhubhumika,* who is solicited, (that is,) invited by 'those in high places,' (that is,) those who are masters of this or that high place, for instance, Mahendra. "Sir! will you sit here? Will you rest in this heavenly place? This maiden might prove attractive. This enjoyment is supernormal. This elixir wards off age and death. This chariot goes as you will." When he is thus invited, an attachment, (that is,) a lust arises in him so that he feels with pride, 'How great is the power

of this yoga of mine!' This should not be done. Rather let him reflect upon the defects in it thus, 'Baked on the pitiless coals of the round-of-rebirths and mounted upon the wheel of successive births and deaths, I have hardly found the lamp of yoga which dispels the darkness of the hindrances. And of this (lamp) the lust-born gusts of sensual things are enemies. How could it be that I who have seen its light could be led astray by sensual things, a mere mirage, and throw myself as fuel into that same blaze of the round-of-rebirths as it flares up again? Fare ye well! Sensual things (deceitful) as dreams and to be craved by vile folk.' His purpose thus determined let him cultivate concentration. If attached, he falls from his position. Thinking of himself in pride as having done all, he is not perfected in yoga. Accordingly because one whose yoga is broken is involved again in the round-of-rebirths, which is not desired, not being attached and not being proud are the means of throwing off the obstacles to Isolation."

CHARLES JOHNSTON

Everything is founded on the Law of Sacrifice. God set the example when he created the Universe.

D. R. T.

The path of discipleship is the only road to spiritual power.—Hudson Taylor in Early Years.

THEOSOPHY AND BUSINESS

I.

It Is Unprofitable to Disregard Religious Principles.

"And he said, Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers."—St. Luke XI:46.

". . . they find a PRACTICAL METHOD *for its accomplishment. It is the method of free discussion in the spirit of sympathy, courtesy and tolerance, . . . following as the logical consequence of the theosophic attitude that all truth is valuable, and that every view has some significance. It presupposes that the essential element of inquiry and discussion is not the relative importance of this or that individual view or fragment of the truth, but the whole which is revealed as these views are synthesized and the fragments placed together. Therefore the discussions seek unities and not differences."**

Professor Mitchell says that "the discussions (should) seek unities and not differences." We may try the "theosophic method," as he calls it, by beginning with a consideration of the title: "Theosophy and business." The conjunction "and" may be used "disjunctively" or "conjunctively." We were taught this in the days when we studied syntax and rhetoric. It is important that we should recall this distinction. The present day attitude of mind would consider "theosophy and business" under the influence of the disjunctive "and"— as things separated; apart; and, even opposed. Yet, if we are looking for the truth, it would seem necessary to consider them under the influence of the conjunctive "and" and, therefore, as related and inseparable—even as eternally united.

Unquestionably, the popular attitude is that religion and business are in eternal opposition. This is an attitude that must be analyzed and considered if we are to obtain the whole truth. The tendency to divorce religion and business is growing. The attitude of the press, the platform, the pulpit in general, and the public, is that religion and business cannot exist together.

This is an opinion seemingly shared by many business men, who act as if religion could not be the basis of business. It is true that there is an ethical code underlying business. But this is not always observed. Furthermore, under its provisions things are permitted which, frankly, are not ethical and, naturally, not religious. But, if religion be the under-

* *The Theosophical Society and Theosophy*, by Henry Bedinger Mitchell (pp. 12-13), Quarterly Book Dept., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, New York.

lying fabric of life, the manifestation of the principle (and Principal) of the Universe, as so many of us believe it to be, it is not merely wrong to be irreligious in business but it will not pay! The converse of this, then, would be—that if a business pays it must be that it is governed by religious principles, however they may be concealed, ignored or perverted. Furthermore, that if this be true, and may be proven, then, by making business more consciously religious, it will become more effective and more profitable "for the labourer is worthy of his hire."

What is the truth in regard to business? If a man engaged in business regard his occupation as something apart from his religious ideals inevitably he will separate his religion and business. He will divide his forces, fail to utilize to the utmost his resources of energy, and will achieve only a partial success—in other words, he will be deformed. This would seem to apply, which ever way he followed separateness—which ever way he wasted his energies—whether by thinking that in his own case he could be religious without being businesslike, or businesslike without being religious. As the world thinks—the opposite of either of these propositions is a paradox, impossible of practical expression, yet it may be that the paradox will contain a spiritual truth—most spiritual truths are, we find, set forth in paradoxes.

Let us consider first the business man who acts (for perhaps he does not tell himself why he so acts) as if there were no place for religion in business. Why is he in business? Such a man would offer a variety of reasons, which might be found to lie within two classifications: he is in business because he so determined his lot or because he could not help himself. Whatever his theory, his practice would be that God had nothing to do with it. Disregarding the religious element, disassociating business from his spiritual nature; he would reason, perhaps characteristically, in this materialistic fashion. But suppose that, instead, he were to accept the idea of a Divine Conspiracy between his soul and God to give his soul the fullest, freest opportunity for development, would he not regard his business occupation as his "vocation," that in engaging in business he had answered a "Divine call"? And, if he were to regard his business occupation as, for him, his religious vocation would he not seek to find in it opportunity for putting religious ideals into practice and would he not gauge his religious progress by the thoroughness of this application?

The business "separatist" or follower of the "disjunctive," would say, probably: "If I listened to that sort of thing I'd fail. But would he? The theory must stand test: One of the things that such a man would consider he could not do, if he "became religious," would be to pay illegitimate commissions. But, if the premise that religion is an expression of the immutable truth be true, paying illegitimate commissions will be foolish, as well as wrong.

There are two aspects of such commissions—where they are tacitly recognized, and where they are entirely hidden. In certain industries

they have been established as "perquisites" to be considered as part of the wage of those receiving them. One great railroad allowed its officials to receive such perquisites on the ground that they came out of the sellers and thus the money of the stockholders was saved by lower salaries. It was a principle honestly held and honestly and openly applied. Yet it did not pay because it offended the public taste. Irrespective of the right or wrong involved it hurt the road and had to be abandoned, because it bred in the public a distrust inimical to the stockholders' interests. Today, since its "house-cleaning," that railroad is in a stronger and more profitable position. As a matter of fact, as is now seen, the stockholders should pay adequately for services rendered and officials should serve with an eye-single to the interests of the stockholders. Divided remuneration meant divided allegiance—something inherently impossible.

Years ago a young man in one of the great Eastern cities obtained a sales agency for a new source of fuel supply. The new fuel saved its users money in many ways. Not even a change in grates was required. All that was asked was a slight difference in the method of "firing" or placing the fuel on the grates. Very soon it developed that all but a very few of the men responsible for the "firing" methods—janitors, engineers or firemen—demanded commissions. The young man thought this immoral and refused to pay them. He was removed and laughed at. His successor paid them and the new fuel was widely used—for a time! Then the older concerns, with greater financial resources, met the competition—either by paying larger commissions or by so cutting prices that their fuel had to be used. The new concern failed because every time its fuel was discarded it was taken as a further proof of its uselessness. The honest method applied in another city led to a slow start, but as the fuel proved its real value it held its trade and today is in profitable and creditable use. In the first city every attempt to revive the fuel's use has brought up its record of seeming failure.

It may be asked: What about the older concerns that paid bigger commissions and so helped to kill the new concern? Let us follow them for a moment. As the custom of paying commissions grew it changed from a semi-legitimate "perquisite" into secret "graft." The expense grew higher as the recipients grew greedier and, finally, bills would be approved for fuel never delivered, or of an inferior grade. The owners waked up and began employing supervising engineers and superintendents of a class above dishonesty. They threw out the dishonest contractors, as well as the dishonest employees. The fuel concerns which reformed have lived—those which could not or would not reform have failed. While this does not mean that the fuel business in that city is absolutely clean, for human nature is human nature, still, it does mean, that it is much better than the average and that out of the failure of questionable methods has come profit from right methods—in other words the irreligious method did not pay.

Few industries, considered as class units, today pay or receive commissions that are not open and legitimate. Few people take life, yet there are murderers. Most people are honest and sober, yet there are thieves and drunkards. So, similarly, there are houses which pay "graft." The number of them is annually decreasing, because it does not pay. A "necessity" for paying "graft" is an admission of a weakness which sooner or later leads to failure. One rather curious injustice should be pointed out: There is public outcry against such practices, and there is an increasing flood of legislation against such practices, but both public and legislators ignore the fact that both outcry and legislation have resulted from and have not been the cause of failure, and consequent general abandonment of the practice. Business men who have found the right thing—the religious practice—profitable and have made it the customary thing are now denounced as if they were themselves all thieves!

But the unconsciously religious and consciously irreligious-in-business followers of the right in regard to commissions might still say: "But that is only common sense and common honesty (as if religion were anything else!) but if I were religious I could not sell at a profit, for I could not make good bargains." If this be true then, indeed, religion has no place in commerce, for business must be done at a profit—or capital will go elsewhere. But if religion be truth then irreligious practices in trading or bargaining won't pay. There are men who tell you that no great business, no great fortune, can be built up honestly. For a moment that point may be held in abeyance and the discussion limited to present day bargaining.

There is a business man in one of our large cities who is a "student of theosophy"—to use his own phrase. He is a power in one of the great denominations. At a gathering of his men he once told them that his business, all business, exists simply to make better men; as a training for disciples. He declares that, the Golden Rule is the essence of all business and that it will only be by following it that the business may be made to pay. Contrary to the popular ideal he insists that business must be profitable to give final proof that its standards are spiritual. It may be helpful to cite his experience in regard to this particular matter of driving "hard bargains." He lays down the dictum that "no bargain or contract can be profitable that is not advantageous to both parties." To those who know him he is Olympian, but as he is modest, a compromise in nomenclature may be reached by calling him "Jove Minor."

Mr. J. Minor was conducting a vital and huge negotiation with a syndicate notorious for its ruthlessness and hard bargaining and even for unscrupulousness. There was a conference where he was attended by an assistant and an attorney. At its close the three went out together. Mr. Minor said: "Why didn't either of you say something to help me.'"

The attorney replied: "How could we, when you were conceding

everything. Every time Mr. Bargainer brought up a point in favor of the Syndicate you agreed to it. What could we say?"

Jove Minor answered gently yet positively: "Don't you see that fairness is our only chance, our only hope. We can not expect to receive fairness if we are not absolutely fair in turn. We must keep the negotiations solely on that basis."

Did this pay? Later Mr. Bargainer said: "Jove Minor is the hardest man to 'trade with' I have ever come across. He is so absolutely fair and honest and plays with all his cards on the table and so evidently expects you to do the same thing that you just have to!"

The same idea is expressed in the phrase: "Don't try to make a sale; make a customer," or, as once set forth in the QUARTERLY itself,* a sale should not be made for the moment but with the idea of what will happen in five years from now.

Let a concern get a reputation for hard bargaining, unscrupulousness, and it will lose opportunities. Its growth and prosperity will be limited to such business as it will receive because there is no one else to take it.

In time this means damage—either in loss of business or by an aroused public attitude expressed in unwise and dangerous legislation, which with all its folly and injustice is the logical reaction from wrong methods.

When the question of folly and injustice in unthinking legislation is raised the business man who disbelieves in the power of religion in business will say: "There's a situation where you can not be practical and religious—suppose you have to choose between the interests of your stockholders and bribing a legislator—especially when what you want is right and the legislation is wrong and immoral!" It is a difficult situation. Too often the purpose for which such a bribe is given is morally right. Here again is a test of religion in business. If to achieve a right a wrong may be committed then indeed has religion no place in the board room. At one stage of business development the doctrine of "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" might be held to have applied. That is to say, that if the people permit political blackmail it is permissible to pay—the responsibility being upon the public and not upon either payer or payee. But this is not satisfactory.

Like all blackmail political blackmail is more difficult to meet after payment has been begun. The time to fight it is in advance. Suppose an honorable man to be appointed to a high position. The corporation he becomes responsible for is in a situation where blackmail has been permitted—yes, and even made necessary—by the public's vote and action; positively in keeping a "ring" in power; negatively by refusing a fair hearing to any corporation under attack. What is such a man to do when the first question of blackmail comes up? One man met it by saying to his legislative attorney: "I shall never consent to paying a bribe,

* *Saintliness and Business.* THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, October, 1912 (p. 118), Quarterly Book Dept., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, New York.

I will not have it. But that bill must be killed. It is your job. You must do it. You have unlimited power—and I will approve any blanket voucher for legal expenses you put in, for I want you to feel we put no obstacles of any kind in your way. But I won't bribe."

All will agree that such a man was a hypocrite. Perhaps so was another attorney who told his clients that a bribe must be paid but that he could not do it and suggested that a "ring attorney" be retained for that particular matter. The ring attorney was retained, the bribe was paid, and the virtuous attorney resumed the conduct of the legal affairs of the company. One may respect the management that followed his advice where we cannot even like him!

But still there is the question of what the high-minded new manager is to do when he finds the customary, recognized, traditional blackmail payment confronting him. To anyone who has paid such blackmail under circumstances that seemed to have involved an actually moral compulsion to pay the answer must be "It did not pay. I did it and I felt it was right to do it and if I had no more light now than I had then I suppose I would do it again but I see now it was more than wrong—it was doubly wrong—it did not pay. We fed the beast of injustice in legislation when he was young instead of fighting him and now he is so big and strong he feeds on us openly and is difficult to slay."

Honorable, right-minded men did bribe and bribe freely. It seems unfair now to sit in judgment and to blame them. Yet it did not pay. Do we not see now that a blind adherence to what was morally right, *i. e.,* religious, would have been the profitable course? And do we not see that only by adhering to an absolutely right course will there be any chance for business in the face of the rising attack through aroused, unthinking, illogical agitation? The responsibility of the public in this matter needs to be taken up. At this point, however, may we not agree that it is more profitable to apply religious fundamentals in business and that departure from them has not and will not pay?

It would seem to become axiomatic as traditional business wrongdoing (however permissible) is analyzed, that it is unprofitable and, furthermore, is not necessary. It is not necessary to cater to a low popular ideal in any business. To be truly and permanently successful the business man must refuse uncompromisingly to cater to anything that is of lower standard—whether it be the payment of a "commission on secret account" or be the remaining silent in the face of political clamor or action—neither will pay—nothing dishonest or cowardly can breed prosperity that shall abide.

On the positive side it may be shown that all success in business is based, consciously or unconsciously, upon right principles, however much they seemingly be obscured or ignored. This will be taken up in the next article on "Theosophy and business," which will consider them "conjunctively," and endeavor to show that, like the National Union, they are "one and inseparable."

G. M. McKlemm.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE experience of Mrs. S., published in this department of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY some months ago, proved helpful to so many of our readers that the Recorder tried and has been able to obtain other extracts from letters of advice written by Cavé, not, in this case, to Mrs. S., but to students whose needs were just as typical.

The first of these letters was written in 1906 to a man whose mind, at that time, had the habit of "grinding" over hypothetical and therefore unnecessary problems.

"I am glad to hear you speak as you do of an opening of a life of opportunity and service seeming to stretch before you, because, first, that in some measure is the way we always should feel, and we are more truly alive and in touch with realities when we do feel it. Second, because I feel that it is peculiarly true of you at present. Your life has indeed been given back to you by *those* to whose service you long ago dedicated it, and so in a particular way it is *theirs* and for their *work*. I know that you feel thus of it and so can speak frankly. The first thing I would tell you therefore is, do not be too analytical; do not try so much to satisfy the brain. What right has it to be satisfied? You are to remember the 'day of small things,' that is, *to-day,* in its wonderful aspect of small tasks and duties following one after the other each moment. That is what concerns you. While looking ahead, while puzzling over this aspect of the question or that, how many of these little immediate duties slip away, undone? There is only one question you need ever ask yourself; that is, What is the duty of *this* moment? That is the Master's task for you; this moment and its proper employment. Until we have learned how to do that, we cannot be entrusted with greater tasks, since those greater ones are only properly performed when done in that spirit of perfect recollection; for, really, recollection is what we are talking of here—that, and its twin brother detachment.

"If you will model your life on this plan you will find numberless chances of service ahead of you, and you will find that you can perform them all easily and well. We speak of life as complicated, but we are mistaken: life is extremely simple. We are complicated; because, partaking of two natures and of divided will, we grasp in all directions, determined to serve *both* God and Mammon, to have *both* heaven and earth and the fulness of them. And we tangle ourselves in mixed motives, mixed emotions, apprehensions and regrets, until the only wonder is that we are not all quite mad. If you consider this deeply you will see that it is the secret of true living, for it is an aspect—the first—of continuous meditation. It rids life of all complexity and difficulty (puts

them where they belong, in ourselves), and shows us the 'small, old path,' 'narrow and straight,' that we have learned to call *'the* path.' By this method also we are rid of the complexities and hindrances in ourselves—since we must ignore them to follow it. Our attention is immovably fixed on one point. Do not then look ahead so much; while planning the future you lose the present. This is where I should say you had been careless,—careless of so many 'little things' because you were pondering over bigger ones. Until these arrived they were not yours. The future does not belong to us—may never be ours: this moment is all we really possess. Each one is a special gift—how will you use it? You wish to give your life and service to the Master; there is but one way in which to do this: give it moment by moment as it comes to you. In this way the life of an ascetic can be lived in the midst of luxuries and splendour; the life of a saint in a world steeped to the lips in folly and sin.

"We must remember for our consolation, in view of our many failures and backslidings, that we are attempting a work of much difficulty, indeed one which has not been ventured upon previously, but which, as you know, was made possible by the unprecedented success in the Movement this last century. Whatever may come, we have at least been in some humble fashion instrumental in pushing so far forward, and by earnest effort and abiding faith may hope to accomplish yet a few paces more before our time is up. Each year we carry this on is so much clear gain—think of that! For so long as the nucleus exists, the work must exist on this plane. And we must strengthen that nucleus by all means in our power; and no means can be more effective than the raising of ourselves, thus bringing down more of the divine force and light to this plane, increasing our ability and sphere of usefulness, and, by treading down this new path in the wilderness, making it easier for others to follow on after and to find the way.

"That quality which carries one through when tested is what we *are* —the accumulation of aspirations, devoted efforts, high motives, sacrifices, which form a living force that *pushes* us through. Even our sins, thank God! cannot withstand it. For the rest, I say again, do not analyse; they are brain questions and, however good in themselves, do not really concern us nor the tasks we have in hand. This is not to discourage further questions, however; far from it. But I like best those 'springing from the heart,' in the words of the old Chinese aphorism. Your mind is wanting to know many things. Yes, of course; that is the way with minds. But hush, hush, oh! mind, lest in the midst of your ceaseless chatter I fail to hear the voice of the Master which speaks to me in the Silence.

"May the Master bless and keep you, and cause his light to shine upon you, and give you peace. Amen."

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Then I have been given these extracts from letters written by Cavé

to another student whose needs and difficulties will find a responsive echo in many who read them today.

"You must not think it hard or unfeeling that I do not grieve more for those who make such sad errors, and so become their own hindrances, as well as stumbling blocks to others. I do grieve for them in genuine sorrow. But one dare not dwell on that aspect of it. Many come to us. Many, alas! go. None understand completely; few really understand at all; they see 'through a glass, darkly.' We can but hope that they glimpse enough of the truth to hunger for it forever, and, haunted by this divine nostalgia, to seek, and seek and *seek;* until finally, after innumerable failures, mistakes, misconceptions, they reach that point where enough of the heavenly vision opens to them, to guide and steady the remainder of their course. In fact, owing to their blindness now, not much responsibility is theirs. They really know so little, after all these years of study and work! Occult knowledge comes, oh! so slowly. What a blessing that this is the case; for the responsibility of seeing and knowing the truth is tremendous, and the danger of ignoring or misinterpreting it, beyond words to tell. So the study and the effort expended, lay up a wondrous store of strength, of endurance, of perseverance, of courage, all to be used later when the critical times arise. So I say to myself. It is the stumbling and staggering of a blind man. His eyes are still tight closed. He will not walk with me nor heed me, but wherever or however he may go, he can never wander beyond the confines of the law, nor out of the reach of its compassion. Therefore to that law we must leave him,—and meanwhile labour with all our might for the other stragglers and stumblers who are with us and who need our constant watchfulness and care. * * * This is my philosophy, my religion; but sometimes my heart, which is nearly breaking over some one who *will* not, *cannot* see, would seem in its weakness to give the lie almost to what my faith and knowledge tell me. * * * I say this that I may not be a hypocrite. I tell you the truth; the truth I know, and long ardently that you should always reach, and moreover the truth towards which I always turn my face, for though I know my own weakness and folly as only my scathing contempt for them can reveal them, I refuse to regard them, keeping my eyes immovably fixed on the Light and the goal it shows. What was it St. Paul said? * * * "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." How deeply one can understand that cry! Conscious of his own weakness, his faults, his shortcomings of every description, he turns with exaltation to the contemplation of his Master and *his* perfection, and realizing their union, he is filled with confidence and joy. My friend, we are all sinners and stumblers; not one of us is clean, not a single one. But to contemplate these things is time and force wasted. As the Master once told me: 'Accept these things, then disregard them, and keep your eyes fixed on *me.*'"

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"If you do not 'hear,' or do not seem to hear, I would not worry

about it, or feel impatient with yourself, or as if you were not doing as you should. I believe it is wiser to accept our faults and failings as part of the general plan, and to cultivate a sweet patience regarding them, as we do regarding the trials and difficulties of life outside ourselves. I mean we should strive for the same patience with ourselves that we would wish to possess for some tiresome, irritating person with whom we are forced to live; and the impersonal attitude thus engendered helps more than any other in divorcing the personality from our true part, and thus ridding ourselves of the burden of it. So about work. * * * Be ready, eager even to do it, but wait the word and *his* good time in patience and serenity. Surely you cannot doubt that when the time comes you will know. If you always keep your face turned towards his, you *must* know. If he cannot make you understand in one way, he will in another. He knows your disabilities and weaknesses better than any one else, since to aid you he makes them his especial study. And when it is best and needful that you should understand, he will never leave you in the dark. If you do not understand, then it is best that you should not understand. This is *always the case,* so long as we keep our faces turned towards him. If we turn away, oh! then it may be different. But only by our own act, never by his."

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"Those who cannot march, must perforce fall behind. It is always sad to see. But remember it does not always mean that they have gone backwards; merely that the Movement has gone on past them. Another time it will come by and pick them up again, when they may be strong enough to go a few steps further. No one is ever forgotten. He who has once entered the great, invisible Brotherhood, in even the smallest way, has a claim that is never disregarded. Guardian spirits hover about him always; he cannot escape them no matter where he flees, and in time, even if it take ages (for their patience has no limit), he will be recovered, 'brought home rejoicing.' We must keep our faith sweet with these thoughts in the dark hours when our brothers seem to be slipping from us, and our faith shall have its reward. After all, we must not ask too much of them. Each doubtless did what he could."

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"Do not be troubled about me and my load. It is not lighter; surely not; nor will be if I go on, but heavier. You must not mind that, but expect it. What must alter will be the way I carry it. I shall understand and manage it better, grow into it, have more self-confidence and courage—endurance also. Then as one understands, one sees the joy *in* the sorrow, the peace *in* the pain; not *from,* as most of us can now, but *in,* which is another thing altogether. I shall strive not to fail in bringing you these comforts. * * *

"Meanwhile keep up your courage and cultivate a stout heart.

Remember that physical conditions at the present time cannot be other than bad, and wrest from them the added force for work and progress. When you look upon all these many trials in this light, you will find them much easier. We are never called upon to bear a feather's weight more than we are able; thus we can always rally our lagging energies, saying, I *can* do this thing, therefore, in the name of the Master, I will. From that step we may take a further one. I will not perform my task like the slave whipped into fearful obedience, but, like the child of God I am, I will do it freely, cheerfully, *joyfully*. When we have taken this step, we shall have discovered the mystery of pain.

"Trials and burdens of all kinds are nothing more nor less than *opportunities*. We call on the heavens and they answer our prayers Then we clamour loudly, often throwing back their gifts, and then, sob and wail that we are neglected. Surely, of all the strange creatures and beasts of all the many worlds, there is none so strange as man! But to discover the mystery of pain and to take the second step in that direction, we must have learnt the renunciation of the heart and will. We must have shed that *blood of the heart* which, washing the 'feet' (symbol of material existence on all planes), alone enables the soul to 'stand in the presence of the Masters.' For, paradoxical as it may seem (and life being dual with us must necessarily be all paradox), the inmost secret of pain is joy, and through those two gates we enter into the divine worlds, and commune with the great souls who dwell there. Pain, the gate of the lower self, who in its purgatorial fires is purified and illumined; joy, the gate of the higher nature, which, freed from its dark prison-house, flies enraptured to the bosom of the Father. This is the true death, the true resurrection from the dead. The man who through obedience has learnt the secret of life, shall never taste of death; pain as a personal experience has no more power over him. What is known as occult training, is often spoken of as a 'short cut.' The disciple becomes, with his Master's aid, his own executioner, rather than awaiting the slow processes of time; and in awakening the fires of devotion, lights for himself his own purgatorial fires."

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"Have you ever thought of this: what *makes* the Silence and Darkness? Listen, and let me whisper something to you—a wonderful secret.

"It is the approach of the Master's footsteps that makes all else sink into silence. It is the unheard yet heard tones of his voice that make other sounds discordant. It is the light falling from his face that plunges the outer world in darkness. It is the vision of his spiritual excellence that empties our hearts of their treasures and makes them seem vacant and cold. So the Silence becomes eloquent, the discords harmonious, the shadows luminous, and, best of all, the vacant heart is prophetic of overflowing abundance.

"We need not fear to enter such a Darkness, since it is the vestibule

to such a Light, nor complain of the Silence and its burdens since by their means we enter into closer communion with him. It is rest to our souls that is promised, if only we will take upon us the yoke.

"The mysteries of the path are unfathomable, save in the light of love—the love of the Master, as the ray to our darkened souls from the light divine. 'And in thy light shall we see light.'"

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"Year by year I approve more of some simple uniform—but that is only one side of me. A wiser, calmer side knows better, understands the present human need of convention; the necessity, as a point of *spiritual policy,* for compliance—as far as principle permits—with the ways of the world; a careful avoidance of all that would make one 'peculiar.' I see the good breeding of this course: over and beyond that, the sympathetic consideration of it. The Masters must to a large extent live apart to accomplish their purposes, but we, disciples, in our humble way, must show how these things can be *used* without being abused; how one can be *in* the world though not *of* it, and how the life of the saint and the ascetic can be led here and now in all the turmoil of material existence. The Master has shown me that for our work to succeed it must at all costs be given this force of our personal holiness and elevation. There are many things to be done, of course, but all are secondary to this, since *all* depend upon it for success. And this must be our great and absorbing aim: as individuals and as a body of individuals living in the world, to shine forth by the elevation and spirituality of our lives. It is not enough that we should be as good as the best; we must be *better* than the best, since more is given to us. We shall not conquer by the sword, nor by intellectual power, nor by mere sympathetic kindliness—for even this can work vast harm unless rare wisdom guide it. But we shall conquer (if we do) by the power of holiness, the great power that the saints and disciples have wielded. This power we must gain. It is the fruit of perfect renunciation,—when the Master looking in the heart shall find it 'clean utterly.' Then our light shall 'shine before men,' that seeing our good deeds they shall glorify,—not us—but the 'Father in heaven.' (Incidentally, the Master is always spoken of as the disciple's 'Father,' since he gives the disciple birth in the spiritual world.)

" . . . You see we must be purged of *all* our faults; but the Law requires that we do this for ourselves. The Master puts us in the best way of doing this, so that the circumstances and events of our lives are his gifts to us, as it were, for accomplishing these results. This is difficult for us to understand; it usually takes us many lives of hard work to get even the first glimmers. So he waits patiently, sending trial after trial, both of joy and pain, as we call them. And little by little these accumulated experiences have their fruit.

"Remember this great difference in point of view which is always illuminating . . . He works in Eternity. We think and reason and too

often feel, in time. This perhaps contains the principle involved in your lack of self-confidence. Too much (in that sense) you consider a faulty instrument (as all our instruments are faulty at this time); too little you lean upon,—*insist* upon, I would rather say,—the soul within. What do the faults matter? Here is a work to be done. In the fact that this work is given to me is the proof that I can do it! You see all this clearly enough in outer affairs. What complicates it is that it is a work in yourself—your own training and regeneration. But try to view it with equal impersonality as if you were thinking: 'Here is somebody I must teach and train. As far as I can see, there are such and such virtues, such and such faults.' Take stock of yourself in this impersonal way; and so, disassociated from yourself by this attitude of mind, begin a regular system of planning and training, as you would begin a new portion of your garden, say, preparing the soil, taking out stones, removing this, adding that: or, to use the Master's simile, the training of a child entrusted to your care by the Master. Well, he entrusts *yourself* to you, and that is the trust you must keep,—the especial bit of garden you must cultivate."

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"I have been thinking much today of something Christina Rossetti said,—who said many penetrating things,—that 'Sins are worse than their consequences.' If only we realized the truth of this! He who does, has crossed over to the other shore and sees things in their true relation. It is usually the consequences that we dread and would escape; the sins without them trouble us but little. And so we must have this lash of events to whip us on the road to salvation. In our acts we prove this daily, committing how many sins of lack of recollection, lack of detachment, lack of charity, in an effort to escape some consequence! This, often in what we call our 'better moments,' so fixed is our gaze on the result, so little do we heed causes. When a man has loosed himself from the bonds of Karma, he has learned to reverse this *attention*. This is another way of applying the admonition about 'looking for results,' and a profounder one than the more usual and obvious."

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"Do you know what I have been thinking of today? It is the Master's acceptance of our weakness and inadequacy. As Jesus held the reed thrust upon him for a sceptre, which has made them forever sacred to me as symbols of his 'invincible patience,' so he consents to hold us, and govern and work by means of us. If we but make our weakness the measure of our patience, to what strength may we not attain?"

Enough has been given for one instalment. But how have these extracts been read? It would be helpful at this point if the reader were

to ask himself that question. Has he read as he might skim the morning paper, or some story in a magazine? Has he read with an eye to his neighbor's faults and with the thought that this or the other point would make good medicine for others? Has he rejected the spirit of whole paragraphs because some phrase or term has displeased him? Or has he, in case of need, translated the language into his own, seeking the spirit and not the letter? Has he paused to ask himself what his own attitude has been in the past, and how he should change it in the future? Has he made definite, specific resolutions about his conduct today, tomorrow? For that is the way to read and the only way to read unless we would weaken our moral fibre and lose what little taste we have for spiritual reading. To read meditatively is almost a lost art. To *do* the things that we read while we are reading; to pause long enough between sentences or paragraphs to make interior action possible—this seems impossible both to the reading glutton who bolts his food habitually, and to the harassed time-waster who dawdles without method or system and who finds himself too busy to read except as he swallows his luncheon, standing.

Spiritual reading is an art that can be acquired, like any other art. The first step is—to do it! Read slowly; read a sentence and stop. Think about it. Brood over it. See how it applies to your personal peculiarities, needs, problems. See how your manners, inner or outer, can be amended in the light of what you have read. Use what you have read to fill in the detail of your own ideal; turn it instantly into aspiration—into interior "acts" of love, of praise, of thanksgiving, of penitence, of hope; weave what you have read into the fibre of your will by resolutions adhered to faithfully. Discriminate always, but see to it that, through mental sloth or impatience, you do not throw away wheat with chaff. Insist that you must find and preserve the wheat. Take pains (how much is hidden in that common phrase!); 'Fletcherize'; bear fruit! For truly the kingdom of heaven is taken by violence, and not until we do violence to our bad habits and inclinations, in this as in other ways, can we hope to find the joy which comes to those who challenge the Gates of Gold.

T.

Sorrow is a sanctuary, so long as self is kept outside. Self is the desecrating principle. If a time of sorrow is not the harvest time of grace, it is sure to be the harvest time of self.—Father Faber.

ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

A Rule of Life.

(Continued)

VI

IN Section IV of this series of Elementary Articles it was pointed out that the Art of Living consists in getting rid of our limitations, and that to pursue effectively the Art of Living, we must have a Rule of Life. In the last section we endeavored to describe the laws and principles which govern a Rule of Life. The subject is of fundamental importance. The Rule bears the same relation to the Spiritual Life that our education bears to our outer life. It should be the inspiration by which all subsequent effort and action is guided.

Let us see if we cannot get some further light on our theme by using the analogy of education. First of all, it is now pretty well recognized by professional pedagogues that it does not so much matter what a child studies as that he studies, and so trains his mind and other faculties. So we get confirmation of our statement that it does not so much matter what our Rule of Life is, as that we keep our Rule whatever it is. It is the keeping of it that counts; it is the exercise of the will, the stern suppression of the lower impulses of the nature in all its manifestations that counts. Indeed it is a law of the lower nature that it will throw its whole power into the fight at any point along the entire line. Therefore the wise man selects his battle ground where the advantage is on his side; but the lower nature can be beaten anywhere.

A young aspirant was once told that if she would brush her hair for half an hour every morning it would not only be very good for her hair, but would help her to conquer her lower nature; the point being that the absolutely faithful and conscientious performance of such a simple duty as that will sooner or later exercise every virtue and will be opposed by every weakness in her. The morning will soon come when she will be late. If she cuts even a minute off the half hour it means that she has failed. In order to have the full half hour she must rise in time, whether tired or not, whether sleepy or not, whether sick or not. If she oversleeps, then she was not prudent, for she should

have anticipated this likelihood and provided for it by having some one call her. If she has no one to do this service, then other means must be found to make her oversleeping impossible. If she is tired and likely to fail because of fatigue, then she must begin days in advance to forestall the condition that might result in failure.

It can be seen how readily even such a simple task as brushing our hair can be the battle-ground between the forces of good and evil that exist in each one of us. If our stock of virtue, our strength of will, our spirit of obedience, our faith, our courage, our devotion, our energy, our patience, our prudence, our fervor are sufficient to overcome our sloth, our inertia, our laziness, our weakness, our cowardice, our self-indulgence, then we may win the fight on the lowest plane; but that will only be a partial victory. The lower nature, defeated when using the cruder weapons, will return with more subtle weapons; it will endeavor to undermine our resolution by means of our vanity and self-will.

Our mind will endeavor to persuade us that the whole thing is nonsense, that it is undignified for a sensible human being to make such a fuss over such a silly trifle, that it is a waste of time and energy to concentrate our attention on a matter of no real importance, that we are capable of much bigger things, that it is self-centered and selfish to use up our force in so useless a manner; that if we really want to be good and to grow in grace and virtue, it were much better to let such trivialties go and to devote our efforts to self-sacrificing work for others; and it will suggest many useful things which we could do and do well if we were to give the same amount of time and energy to them that we are giving to the brushing of our hair. And these and similar things will be said not once, but many times and in many ways. We shall find in our reading, sentences and paragraphs which appear to oppose our plan and to discountenance our resolution. We will read how many of the saints turned away from ascetic practices and warned others that they were a snare. We will hear remarks from others in whom we have confidence which seem to bear out this view.

If we stand firm and go on quietly and serenely brushing our hair half an hour every morning, then the scene of combat will change and the attack will come from a different quarter. Be watchful for you do not know from whence it will come or the form it will take. Perhaps the person in whom we have most confidence, whose advice and assistance in spiritual matters have been our greatest comfort and support, will suggest that we have reached a point where some specific practice would be desirable and will recommend that for the time being we concentrate our time and attention on, let us say, brushing our hair half an hour every evening before going to bed. Now this is dangerous in many ways. In the first place we are so tired of brushing our hair in the morning that it would be a great relief to do it in the evening instead, and as it would still be done, each day, for the full half hour, it would really make no difference, etc., etc., etc. Then there

is the question of obedience. We know we ought to obey the suggestions of this older and wiser friend if ever we hope to get him or any one else for a spiritual director. We know that we must not set up our own opinion and will against the advice of superiors—that that would be a most reprehensible exhibition of self-will. The situation is full of perplexities and difficulties and apparent contradictions. We are in such a mess that we do not see how we can go on without violating some spiritual law somewhere.

The solution is simple. Tell the older and wiser friend about your resolution and of the fight it has been to keep it, and ask him what to do. He may advise a change. If so, it would mean that you had pushed your powers to the limit, that relaxation was foreseen, and that you were relieved of some of the evil of defeat, by making surrender a question of obedience. We can hardly hope to win the great fight at the first engagement, but must return to the arena again and again and again after each battle, whether it was a defeat, or a draw, or a partial victory. Complete victory is a question of ages, for it would mean the complete conquest of self, and only the Master has done that. In time we must do even that for we must be perfect even as the Father in Heaven is perfect.

This prosaic and commonplace duty, however, illustrates how necessary it is to keep rigorously any resolution we make, and therefore how vital and important it is to be very careful what resolutions we do make. It shows how the whole power of the lower nature may be thrown against any specific thing we try to do, for self conquest anywhere along the line means self-conquest all along the line. Because of the unity which underlies the manifested universe, we cannot strengthen any one virtue or any one fault without strengthening all other virtues or all other faults. We cannot weaken or defeat the lower nature at one point without weakening or defeating it at all points. But there is a wider application of the law than this. Because of the fundamental unity which is the basis of the universe, the individual is but a part of the whole, his virtues are a part of the universal stock of virtue, his powers are tiny rivulets of the great rivers of force, and his faults are facets of the dark side of nature, are linked to the world's evil. Each soul, therefore, becomes a miniature battle-ground between the forces of good and evil, and each soul can draw upon the unlimited reservoirs of good with which to combat the limited forces of evil. The ultimate victory, therefore, is sure, for each one of us is backed by all the power of the Universe, and the good always triumphs over evil in the end.

When Jesus conquered evil it means literally that the whole accumulated power of evil existing in the world was hurled against Him and that He won the fight, and therefore, for all time, is the master of evil. Each one of us must win this same fight, point by point, plane by plane, beginning with the cruder sins of the flesh and ending with the subtlest forms of vanity, ambition and self-will until we too have

"overcome the world" and are perfect even as the Father in Heaven is perfect.

If we have to engage a dangerous and numerous enemy, it is common sense for us to exercise all our intelligence and experience, and to get all the expert advice available as to the best way to meet him. If possible we select the battle ground instead of letting him select it, for that gives us obvious advantages; we are closer to our lines of communication where we can get supplies and reinforcements. In the warfare between the higher and lower nature we must follow the same policy, which, fortunately, may be done quite simply and easily. Instead of selecting a fault to conquer and having the fight around that, let us select a virtue to acquire, and center the fight around that. If we fight about a fault, we fight in the enemy's country, where it is on its own ground and familiar with every detail and with every weapon. If we fight about acquiring a virtue we remove the battle-field from the land of evil to the country of the soul where we have all our other powers and virtues available. This is so obviously wise that it does not seem to require much elaboration or explanation. The devotional books have always advised aspirants to maintain a positive attitude in the warfare between their two natures. Do not spend your strength and energies trying to conquer faults so much as to acquire virtues; and even when you want to get rid of a specific fault, the best way to do it is not to fight it directly so much as to work at the acquirement of the opposite virtue.

In this connection it is well to remember that every virtue has a negative aspect and a positive opposite. Love, for instance, has as its negative aspect,—no-love—indifference—coldness; and as its positive opposite,—hatred. Purity,—sensuality; lust. Loyalty,—neutrality; treachery. Patience,—impatience; anger. Faith,—suspicion; doubt. Hope,—discouragement; fear. Charity,—miserliness; cruelty. Let the middle qualities go and make straight for the highest expression of the virtue we want, or the fault we wish to eradicate, and work at that. Every fault or evil quality is a distorted virtue. The power in it is the power of the virtue which has struck against the self-will and selfishness of man and has been turned from its true purpose and true function. The spiritual impulse to give comes down from the pure realms of the soul, strikes our egotism and becomes a desire to give to ourselves,—selfishness. Instead of trying to conquer selfishness, it is obviously much more fruitful to try to express the spiritual impulse to give. We are then going directly to original causes instead of dealing with effects lower down.

We may get other hints from using secular education as an analogy. For instance it is obvious that in learning anything we must begin at the beginning. A child would be foolish to try to study algebra before it knew arithmetic, or to plunge into literature before knowing how to read. We must learn our letters before we can hope to spell. So in

the spiritual world. There are regular stages and established customs. We must be content to do the elementary work before going on to advanced degrees. And we must remember that the average man or woman is just as untrained in the spiritual life as the average child before he goes to school. We must begin at the beginning, and the beginning of the spiritual life requires very much the same training as the beginning of school life. Both the child and the neophyte must acquire habits of regularity, of self-control, of obedience, and of faith. We learn all these things—whether we be children or aspirants for discipleship, by doing promptly and cheerfully what we do not want to do, because it is our duty or because we are told to do it.

In the spiritual life, in learning the Art of Living, our Rule takes the place of teacher, although, as was pointed out in the last section, any real Rule should always have the sanction of a spiritual director, or endless difficulties and dangers will ensue. We may impose our own restraint and discipline, and set ourselves our various tasks in the elementary stages, but a director is essential for all advanced progress. The purpose of both education and our Rule is the same in either case. It is to train our wills; to make our will subject to God or our teacher instead of subject to self-will. It is true that in the process of training the will we learn many valuable things, whether at the school of our childhood or at the school of Life, but the main lesson we learn is not what we study, so much as the lesson of self-conquest and self-control. To use the old phrase of the devotional books, we learn to mortify the senses, to suppress the impulses of the lower nature, to control and dominate the natural man, whether we be school children or students of the Art of Living. There is no other way.

It is not, however, a soggy and unrelieved prospect of gloom as might at first sight seem to be the case. The child as a rule hates the restraint of school until his affections and interest are excited; and afterwards he usually accepts the mental, moral and physical discipline without noticing them or considering them as special hardships. So on the higher plane. The prospect of a perpetual struggle against our natural inclinations seems to us cheerless and unstimulating, to say the least, but that is only at the beginning. We soon become interested, our affections are aroused, and before very long we begin to enjoy the fruits of our efforts, the joy and strength and satisfaction which come from successful accomplishment. Above all we enjoy a growing sense of freedom, of freedom from the chains of our sins, as the Book of Common Prayer has it. Every fault dropped is a fetter removed, every sin conquered is a burden laid down.

We spoke above of the affections becoming engaged, and this phase will repay consideration. There are several motives which actuate the scholar. The commonest is fear—fear of punishment for failure. The next commonest is the hope of reward; another is pride; competition; the desire to shine, or not to be outdone. But the best is love, either

love of his studies for their own sake or love of his teacher. One or another, or a combination of these same motives control the student of Life. His efforts to live righteously may arise from fear. It was, perhaps it still is, the dominating motive of the majority of Christians. If not that, then he tried to be good in order to get to Heaven. Neither of these motives will carry him very far, for they both arise from and influence only the lower self. They are better than nothing, for any restraint is better than license. The driving power of competition is a slightly higher motive, less ignoble, but also arises from the lower nature and has its roots in self. It will carry no one very far. But when our affections are aroused it is a different story, for we begin to deal with a higher range of motives however mixed with self they still may be. To study a subject because we love the subject, is the beginning of true scholarship, just as the practice of virtue from the love of virtue is the beginning of the spiritual life. There is, however, a still higher path and that is when we are good and try hard to be better for no other reason than because we love our Master, and know that it will please Him and that it is the road to Him.

C. A. G.

Giving up is inevitably receiving when one is dealing heart to heart with God.—Hudson Taylor in Early Years.

The Manhood of the Master, by Harry Emerson Fosdick, Minister at the First Baptist Church, Montclair, N. J. Mr. Fosdick has a gift, the gift of a clear, creative imagination. He has used it in his book to make first vital and real, then personally applicable, the qualities of the Master Jesus. It is at once an appeal to common sense in the way we should avail ourselves of the example Christ has set us, and a call to examine our own lives in the light of a comparison with this great life. For beginners in the path of meditation we have seen among modern writers no book that compares with this in simplicity, directness, and homely, native strength. The author has filled his pages with the contagion of his own enthusiasm for the beauty, nobility, and loftiness of the Master's character. The teaching of Christ is not emphasized; rather is the book "an endeavor to get back behind the thoughts of centuries about him, and to see the Man Christ Jesus himself as he lives in the pages of the gospels." There are daily readings, at most a few verses, illustrative of some particular attribute of the Master—beginning with his joy, magnanimity, indignation, loyalty, self-restraint, and so forth; together with a suggestive comment, brief, striking, provocative of thought. The selections made are admirable, never strained; and are so arranged that their very familiarity, instead of acting as a barrier, becomes a force to carry on our thought. At the end of each week is a more lengthy comment, which synthesizes each preceeding day's contribution, adds new descriptive touches, and enriches the whole by a personal application which cannot fail to reach every reader. The book can be used in this daily way, and can also be read consecutively, there being no break in the continuity of thought from day to day. It is addressed chiefly to men, and has the advantage so much needed today of bringing out and emphasizing the virile and warrior qualities of our great Captain and King. Joy is not just a pious hallelujah, and love a tasteless sentiment, but the flame of a living passion possessed only by the strong. We believe no one could read this book meditatively and not close it with a truer, richer, deeper appreciation of the Master as he was and is than before. And there is very little to criticize in the details of execution; perhaps the only one being the somewhat free translations from the text of the New Testament itself. But we had rather that our readers would find out any defects for themselves by using the book. A. G.

Practical Mysticism: A Little Book For Normal People, by Evelyn Underhill. This ably written and very sincere attempt to render in untechnical terms some answer to the demand of the many lay thinkers as to what mysticism is, commands our respect and admiration. The task is exceedingly difficult; it is the task which confronted every great saint and mystic whose biography has come down to us. Miss Underhill by her wide, sympathetic study of all these writings,—and she seems recently to have added the Upanishads and other Indian literatures to her field,—has been able to choose the best from each; and in the clearing-house of her own mind to sort, tabulate, and synthesize these many-sided expressions of the same fundamental theme for our benefit. But here lies at

once her excellence and her limitation. Miss Underhill is attracted to mysticism, to the mystic life, but she has not yet experienced herself the heights of the contemplative state, nor felt the fire of divine love in the communion of the "unitive way." She is, therefore, writing at second hand about much of her subject; she is but repeating in terms of modern philosophy and psychology (not of modern religion) what the saints and mystics themselves have said of actual, personal, intimate experience. Therefore from the point of view of *becoming* oneself a mystic, or of *being* oneself a saint, her book is of little help or encouragement. It lacks the conviction born only of knowledge, the inspiration that comes only with suffering, with joying, with *living* the life itself. As a truly "practical" treatise it has, therefore, a very limited value. Miss Underhill's mind has also a certain prejudice or bias that refuses to recognize the, to us, seemingly clear and explicit testimony of the Christian saints about the Master. Union with her, is oneness with Reality, with the Absolute; at best it is only a "melting," a "dying into" the "Whole." "For union with Reality can only be a union of love, a glad and humble self-mergence in the universal life";—but it is union always with an impersonal, ineffable God, never with a Master or a Christ. We are reminded of Bergson and his "élan vitale"! The visions of the saints, their conversations with the Master and His replies, are reluctantly quoted, more or less set aside, and explained or excused on complicated psychologic grounds. This lack of understanding and vision at once sets a limit to a full interpretation of mystical literature.

But Miss Underhill has written for another audience, in their own way the hardest to approach. "Normal people" are generally very ignorant and therefore full of prejudice. Miss Underhill's new book, more easily read than her larger works, will overcome many of these prejudices and misconceptions about mysticism. She has made a common-sense appeal, she has succeeded in making readable a subject usually too advanced, too technical, or too one-sided to obtain any consideration at all from the busy, worldly men and women of today. Her very limitations have made her speak with the same "impartial" voice of science that dominates our society. And as the science that is taken by society as its intellectual standard becomes first interested in, then moulded, finally inspired and used by the Divine Wisdom of Religion, it will lead these same normal members of society by easy, natural stages back to a mindfulness and respectful sympathy for religion which they now lack. The worldly man will soon find that science is no longer on his side, but that her love and loyalty to truth have again left him the outcast and denier of the light that is in him.

Several of the misconceptions of mysticism are clearly stated and as clearly disposed of. The fact that meditation is not an unnatural activity, but the normal operation of the mind, only of a low and narrowing kind, is ably presented. The fifth chapter, on "Self-Adjustment" answers many of the questions popularly asked, notably that on the need for asceticism and mortification. The last chapter, on the "Mystical Life," is an appeal to the practical worth of mystical achievement, in that we become better instruments, of greater capacity for intelligent co-operation with the life-forces about us, more able to help and to love our neighbor. "The mystics are artists; and the stuff in which they work is most often human life." . . . "So, what is being offered to you is not merely a choice amongst new states of consciousness, new emotional experiences—though these are indeed involved in it—but, above all else, a larger and intenser life, a career, a total consecration to the interests of the Real."

We recommend this book as well worth reading. A. G.

The Practice of Christianity, by the Author of *Absente Reo,* and *Pro Christo Et Ecclesia.* On the whole distinctly disappointing, this book has still

its good points. The Author's purpose seems to be a vindication of the practical, working possibility and efficiency of the Christian ideal, especially as set forth in the Sermon on the Mount and in the discourses on the Kingdom. This ideal, our ideal as a Christian people, is ignored, disregarded, declared impracticable by the world as a whole. Something is manifestly wrong with such a situation, so the Author appeals with renewed enthusiasm to these ideals, shows the correspondence between our present Church attitude and that of the Pharisees centuries ago, and outlines a "practical Christianity" that would fulfil our ideal and yet not jar too violently with the current easy-going habit of compromise. Special attention is given to the iniquity of our "Penal System," to "Warfare," to "Thrift and Competition," and to "Material Welfare." There is fertility of thought under all these, and other, headings; and taken by themselves many ideas have excellence and are helpfully suggestive. But we disagree with the fundamental purpose and theme of the Author, so long as he insists upon confusing motive with action. When he says that our Penal System is wrong because "Social outlawry is a sin against the Spirit of Christ. Our criminal procedure is degrading. . . . A vindictive attitude towards criminals is essentially unchristian" . . . and similar statements showing but a one-sided understanding of this modern problem, we feel almost helpless; because if so manifestly able and sincere a thinker cannot keep clear the principles involved, how can the truth of Christ ever obtain the recognition it has yet to receive from the world as a whole? A further illustration of this confusion is found in the Author's discussion of punishment. "But, it is urged, punishment, because effective, may be kind. Is punishment an effective deterrent?" and the answer is, decidedly not! Again in the chapter on War we read, "The spirit of war is only better than servility. . . . Belligerence is ineffective because it is infectious. Illustration: the lynching of American negroes."

These quotations, chiefly from the marginal paragraph summaries, show the all too characteristic lack of any standard up to which the complexities of modern life can be held. The Christian teachings, we are told, offer an heroic but sure way out of this situation; but ordinary common-sense is not applied to the understanding or interpretation of these teachings—which, by the way, were addressed to *disciples,* not to the *multitude,* who were instructed by means of simple parables, but from whom were expressly withheld the "mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." The ideal of returning to the first principles of Christianity is an unquestioned necessity; but the doing of this by legislation; by the crude abolition of institutions full of social evil; the unthinking and sentimental appeal for the abolition of war; by the demand that "health of body and mind is the privilege [?] of the child of the Kingdom;" these are not the means, nor are they the method, nor in the spirit, of Christ himself. "Seek ye first the Kingdom"; then, and then only, can all these things be added unto us, can "the pilgrim soul be vindicated," can he "build everlasting rooms in the temple of humanity."

The book is not well integrated, is therefore unconvincing; and lacks the power of earlier works from the same pen. JOHN NEWCOME.

Songs of Kabir, translated by Robindrañath Tagore, with the assistance of Evelyn Underhill. Without at all knowing the originals, and therefore unable to form a comparison, these poems are rendered with fine feeling and a most sympathetic understanding into exquisite English; and will be read for their poetic beauty if not for their theosophy. The preface by Miss Underhill, while it shows real appreciation for Kabir's mysticism and for his appeal to spiritual freedom as against the formalisms of Brahmanism and Mahommedanism, is but a partial appreciation. Kabir is not only a mystical philosopher who "belongs to that small group of supreme mystics—amongst whom St. Augustine, Ruysbroeck,

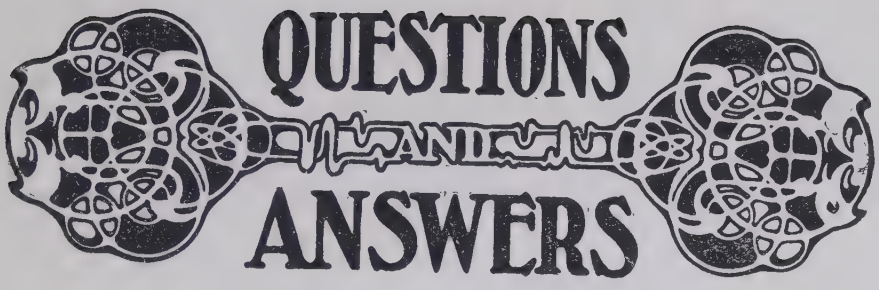
and the Sufi poet Jelālu'ddīn Rūmī are perhaps the chief—who have achieved that which we might call the synthetic vision of God"; his poems show that he knew and loved the Master. His poems impress us, therefore, not as philosophical, but as rich and passionate devotional expressions of a heart overflowing with love. The first poem gives this key-note, which runs throughout them all.

"O Servant, where dost thou seek Me?
Lo! I am beside thee.
I am neither in temple nor in mosque:
I am neither in Koaba nor in Kailash:
Neither am I in rites and ceremonies, nor in Yoga and renunciation.
If thou art a true seeker, thou shalt at once see Me: thou shalt meet Me in a moment of time.
Kabir says, "O Sadhu! God is the breath of all breath."

Our literature is enriched by this acquisition of the mind and heart of so little known an Indian mystic, and our thanks are due to the collaborators for their successful labour of love. A. G.

The last three numbers of *Dharma* complete the second year of this excellent and growing magazine. It is marked by a friendliness of atmosphere (which bespeaks a truly theosophic attitude and understanding), and by a warm loyalty to the spirit of its older brother the QUARTERLY. The editors are earning present and future gratitude by their translation of such standard theosophic authors as Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, and Mr. Johnston into Spanish. Mr. Johnston's *Song of Life* has been completed, and his *Yoga Sutras* are well under way. There are two or three reprints from the QUARTERLY in each number, well-selected, and smoothly rendered in the Spanish idiom. The July number contains an interesting article based on the *Notes and Comments* in the April QUARTERLY,—and also on the articles on Bergson—called "The Ethics of Psychical Research." Wm. H. Lyons writes on how he heard of Theosophy. There are three reprints, amongst them Mr. Judge's "Adepts and Modern Science." There are also Editorials, Book-reviews, and Questions and Answers. The October number gives prominence to the last Convention, quoting the addresses at length. There is an interesting article on the development of "Intellectual Mysticism" by Román Grim. The January number is especially rich. The leading article is entitled "The Spiritual Value of War," and is an interpretation of the "Notes and Comments" in the QUARTERLY under the same caption. It is heartily in accord with the principles set forth in the latter, and has done full justice to its firm yet tolerant spirit. This is also by Román Grim. There follows a sketch of the life and ideals of Mr. Judge, marked by its grasp of the bigness of his personality. There are four reprints, and the usual excellent Editorials and Book-reviews.

Altogether our Spanish brothers are to be heartily congratulated for their admirable work in the cause of Theosophy. A. G.



Readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY are invited to send questions to be answered in this Department, or to submit other answers to questions already printed where their point of view differs from or supplements the answers that have been given.

QUESTION 182.—*Is the inspiration of the poet the same as the inspiration of the Saint? If not, how do they differ?*

ANSWER.—A difference would seem to be, that the inspiration of the poet works chiefly through imagination and expresses itself in images and the music of words, in harmonies for the eye and ear of the mind. The inspiration of the saint works chiefly through the ethical nature, and expresses itself in harmonies of act. But the source of both inspirations is the same, since the spiritual world is one. C. J.

ANSWER.—As a power inspiration is the same whether used by a poet or a Saint. The difference lies in the man that is using it. Both the poet and the Saint have the power of drawing from the eternal Source of Wisdom; but their wants are widely different, and the power of inspiration brings them only what they want, and according to their skill. T. H. K.

ANSWER.—Presumably all inspiration is drawn from the same source. Call it Over-Soul, Higher Self or the Master, as seems best to you. The poet expresses it in feeling and word. The Saint lives it. The Poet gives rein to his emotion and, with lay poets, too often thinks he has done enough, and so does not try to live out what he perceives and is driven to express. The Saint puts into action his or her perception and sacrifices himself or herself—that is what makes a Saint. A Saint suffers. A Poet enjoys. A Poet-Saint is the most fortunate of poets—What it means to the Saint side only a Saint can tell! G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—The inspiration coming from the same source is the same. But the inspiration coming down to the Poet is colored by self. The Saint reaches up through selfless aspiration to the plane from which the inspiration comes. The Poets, though their vision soar to great heights, are by their own accounts not happy—the Saints, living their vision, are by their own accounts marvellously happy. T. J.

ANSWER.—It depends on the poet: they may be the same. But to be so, the poet must be a Saint. The Saint has attained to a state of consciousness akin to the divine and his inspiration comes from the contemplation of the divine. The poet, on the other hand, touches on the higher, intellectual consciousness. The poet translates his inspiration into words: the Saint cannot so translate his inspiration, but he translates it into deeds and lives the life from the inspiration which he perceives. A. K.

ANSWER.—In one sense, speaking broadly, the inspiration is the same. It seems to be a question of degree, however, and the inspiration of the saint, if he be really a saint, infinitely transcends the inspiration of the poet. The Master, working as much for the Beautiful and True as for Good, is the source of all inspiration. The poets, consciously or unconsciously, draw from him;—more often unconsciously, as their own statements demonstrate. The saints, on the contrary, one and all of them, assert again and again that they know the Master, derive light, life, and love from him direct; and in their efforts to describe these ineffable experiences, have risen to unsurpassed heights of poetry or have written the finest prose.

We perforce judge these things from the outside; though potentially, it has been said, we are all poets and saints. Can we get some hint as to the relative values of the inspirations in question by considering two things:—first, that the poets are more popularly understood and admired than the mystical writings of the saints; and second, that the poet interprets to us our own highest and best moods and thoughts, while the saint leads us beyond these to planes of spiritual activity that leave us utterly behind? In some measure we have lived what the poet has written, and we can understand him and follow his lead. But few of us have lived at all what the saint has written about, and we are unable to rise with him as we could with the poet. Some have used this to repudiate the inspiration of the saints, or to brand it as hallucination and senseless dreaming. But we feel that a study, at first hand, of the lives of the saints will show that their inspiration had an effectiveness and dynamic power on their own and contemporary lives that no poets can claim ever to have accomplished as a result of their inspiration. Blessed Jeanne d'Arc's Voices won, for her, battles, confounded lawyers and theologians, and triumphed over torture and death. Has a single poet such a record,—and Jeanne is not even an official saint as yet? Nor, in all probability, could she read or write. But the record of her life is a poem, and, indeed, has been the inspiration of many a poem. A life carries a power of inspiration that no words can approach. Is not the supreme proof of this to be found in the life of the Master in Galilee? We are not only taught by books, by recorded visions of prophets and seers, but we are given an example of how the Good, the Beautiful, and the True may be combined and *lived* here on earth. The poet, it seems, *has* a vision; the saint *is* a seer, and in a sense *is* a vision of the life of the Kingdom of Heaven. A. G.

QUESTION 183.—*If the articles in the* QUARTERLY *carry only the authority of the particular author where can one find something definite and authoritative about Theosophy?*

ANSWER.—Theosophy has really definite assertions resting, not on authority, but on reasons given, partly confirmed through our own experience. Every student has to judge for himself whether for him the reason is convincing or not. However definitely anything is expressed, it can be differently interpreted. No one has authority to interpret for all or to form dogmas common to all. Can we not think or hope that our understanding will grow higher and higher in future times? Is it wise to hamper such growth with fixed dogmas? HJ. J.

ANSWER.—I believe the word Theosophy is made up of two Greek words "Divine Wisdom." I understand the meaning of the words "Divine Wisdom" to be "the Wisdom of God." Is it likely that any individual or editor would be presumptuous enough to write as for God? I should think that one way to find out something about Theosophy would be to get it from God in prayer. One who received such information might perhaps feel very diffident about proclaiming it as authoritative for others. For even God's answers to prayer

are colored and distorted by our mental prejudices. When we start to make authoritative proclamations we are in great danger of asserting merely our own prejudices. A. W.

ANSWER.—The very fluidity of Theosophy and the free exchange of all opinions prevents the discovery of "something definite and authoritative about Theosophy." Anything else would inevitably tend to dogmatic assertion and we should have the spectacle of the birth of all creeds. "I am of Paul: I am of Apollos" began early in the Christian effort; and in my thirty years of the T. S. I have seen the same attempts frequently, attempts to dogmatize against which H. P. B. and W. Q. J. fought with all their strength. Suggestive expositions of Theosophy can be found in the *Key to Theosophy* and the *Ocean of Theosophy*, the truth and the truth about Theosophy can only be found within oneself. A. K.

ANSWER.—This question might be taken to imply that, under the circumstances, there must be something wrong with Theosophy; that the student of it is in a puzzling position. At least he is in good company. And it is not the habit of his companions to give up the search because something "definite and authoritative" is not to be come at in their particular line of work. He has with him the student of biology who was warned before he opened the best books on his subject that the most recent are admittedly inaccurate or incomplete, because authors and printing presses cannot keep abreast of the discoveries of eager investigators. He is companioned by the student of the practice of medicine, whose textbook itself contains an appalling list of the "subjects" that have been entirely rewritten since the previous edition of three years before, because so much new light and new practice had come in that time. All three, the student of biology, the student of medicine, the student of "divine wisdom," must search for the "definite and authoritative"; but in this search the student of Theosophy has one immense advantage, if he chooses to take it. There is "authority" to be found in his subject, but it is not the authority of the lecture room or the library shelf; it is the authority of the battlefield; obedience must follow quick on recognition. And since men do not go into battle without training, he might count himself fortunate that "authority" does not at first claim him; that he is given a chance to learn something about real authority by being allowed to search for it, and something about obedience by the necessity of following the voice within his own heart, all others being silent; testing by that the validity, for him, of what he reads about Theosophy, and, when his truth is presented, *following it*, with eager heart. P.

ANSWER.—Theosophy means "Divine Wisdom." He only who has acquired such Wisdom can say anything "definite and authoritative" about it, if he will. But I feel sure that he won't say more on this head than what has, at any time, already been given out in the teachings at hand, because if he did, we should in our present state of development misunderstand him and be worse off for it.

The power to understand Divine Wisdom can only be gained by further development of the higher powers in our nature, of our intelligence and intuition, using them wisely for the proper cultivation of the theosophical field, which is our daily life. It is only by trying to live a theosophic life that we can hope gradually to come to know something "definite and authoritative" about Theosophy, viz. by ourselves becoming authorities in these matters. T. H. K.

ANSWER.—"Definite" information other than that contained in the QUARTERLY may be found by reading the books written by various expounders of Theosophy, such as Madame Blavatsky or Mr. Judge, listed on the cover page. But these will not be "definite" either, because they make no claims to be more than an

effort to interpret the body of Theosophic Truth which exists, not in mental concepts and verbal settings, but in the life of the spirit itself. The querent must learn to seek for authority within himself, where he can most easily contact the spiritual world. He can read all that has been written under the auspices of the present Theosophical Movement, and never believe or accept any of it. If he be already in sympathy with the Theosophic trend of thought, he will discover ample material in the Bible or the Bhagavad Gita. He cannot find authority separate from the Master; when he sees Truth he sees the Master; and if he would know all the Truth he must become one with the Master. Each writer on Theosophic themes expresses, with greater or less clearness and accuracy, his particular facet of Divine Wisdom, of the teaching which the Master, either directly, or indirectly through worldly agencies, has implanted in his heart. In so far as his work is pure, he is authoritative. Do we suppose that our souls are deceived by the untruths which our foolish or wilful minds are constantly entertaining? Let the first effort of the querent be directed towards establishing clearer, purer, and simpler relations with the spiritual world and *its* inhabitants; he will then find that all cravings after authority will disappear, and that his own certainty of knowledge will depend only on his attainments.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

QUESTION 184.—*Have we no rights at all? "Light on the Path" seems to say that we have none.*

ANSWER.—This question has been answered before in the QUARTERLY, but it seems to me that we really have some rights. For instance: We have the right to use our free will and judgment to choose one thing or another. We have the right to do as good work as we can (but not to its result); and I have heard that a student, who strives to become a disciple, has the right to be tried.

HJ. J.

ANSWER.—The amount of rights a man claims corresponds exactly to the degree of anarchism in his nature. The more the anarchic tendencies overrule him, the more rights does he claim for himself.

Man is not his own creator. He is part of the universe and partakes in its evolutionary course. He is subject to life, change and death; he doesn't enter life as a right, but according to law. And he has no right to leave this life, if he gets tired of it. He must wait till circumstances take it, or till his time to go comes according to natural law. If he has any rights, someone must have conferred them on him. And, in that case, who else can have done so except his Creator, the Governor of the universe and of man, who is his heavenly Father, his God.

In order to understand the nature of such rights as God might have bestowed on us, we ought to consider well this saying of Christ: "Ye, therefore, shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." But if we are to be perfect, we must strive for it, must always be intent on doing every thing according to the will of God, be intent on adjusting our lives for this higher purpose. And if so doing, where and when can any personal or private rights differing from the will of God, come in? What room will there be for other rights than the holy right to do what is right in the sight of God, or—following the example of Christ—to do the will of Him that has sent us to this world?

Truly, all claims of man of having his own special rights are but the sad witnesses of his strong self-will, his awful longing for self-assertion and his undisciplined and anarchic mind.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—Have we no rights at all? It depends on what we want: on what

we desire or aspire to. Most people are bent on asserting their rights. *Light on the Path* says "These Rules are written for all Disciples": not for those who claim rights. The personal man claims rights: man as he rises to the life of the soul and lives it, claims no rights, has no possessions save those which belong to the pure soul only. "As a man thinks, so is he": and the rules of *Light on the Path* do not apply to the man who thinks he has "rights." A. K.

ANSWER.—Who are the "we"? *Light on the Path* is explicitly addressed to disciples; and "the only right of the disciple is to be tried." Rights are expressions, formulations of self-will. I buy property; I want it; it is mine "by right"; the law will protect me and help me to keep it. As a working principle among non-disciples this is necessary because just. But the disciple, who looks to a spiritual law deeper than the surface, artificial, human law, realizes that he has nothing but what the Master gives him. Who gave him the money to buy the property; who created the earth itself, and gold, and even mankind? So Christ in his sermon addressed to disciples only, gave those commands about rendering our cloak also and about turning the other cheek, which have been a stumbling-block to generations of professing Christians. Whether we follow the teachings of the wonderful little book quoted, or of the Master in Palestine, we cannot escape the fact that the ideal set before us is discipleship, the renunciation of *all* rights, the complete destruction of personal, selfish desires. As long as we claim any rights, with the sole exception of the one mentioned above, as long as we *wish* that we had any rights, or could have any rights at all, so long we may be sure that we fall short of the ideal, of the goal we must some day reach, of being truly disciples. JOHN NEWCOME.

ANSWER.—What does "rights" mean? As generally used, it would seem to mean something pleasant or useful, which someone else has, and which we desire for ourselves, power, freedom, definite possession of money, things, or conditions. What we desire, and therefore consider our "right," would depend largely upon the plane upon which we live, that is, the stage of our development. We do not concern ourselves about our "rights," when the thing or condition is something which we do not wish, or have outgrown.

On external or lower planes, our "rights" separate us either individually, or as a class. I am limiting my brothers in so far as I am claiming for myself, so if I believe in brotherhood can I claim special rights?

All planes below the spiritual, including the mental, are planes or worlds of limitation. We cannot define without limiting. We do not seem to comprehend that "rights," while they give something to us, also limit us.

The spiritual world has no limitations, no mine and thine, therefore there can be no "rights" there. There is only the universal right to remain in the spiritual world, by dwelling in the consciousness of the spirit and growing in spiritual grace. Our ability to do that depends upon the strength of our desire to do it, our faith in the power of the spirit and our persistence in the effort to live what we believe. But it must be unselfish effort, for selfish desire drags us instantly from the spiritual plane into the psychic plane where division and lack of unity exist.

A. F.

ANSWER.—Not a single one! That is if we believe in God. G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—Broadly speaking, we all have one right: "To live and let live." This may be interpreted in a physical sense; and also, according to a spiritual significance.

Does the man who has lost his balance in the mad whirl of material life ask if he has rights? Does the woman who calls herself a suffragist fully appreciate

her rights? Does the child cry out for his rights? The question of rights seems often to be asked by the disgruntled ones or by those who are too busy or too young to have given much thought to the meaning of life.

"The revealment of the infinite in the finite, which is the motive of all creation, is not seen in its perfection in the starry heaven, in the beauty of the flowers. It is in the soul of man. For there will seeks its manifestation in will, and freedom turns to win its final prize in the freedom of surrender.

Therefore, it is the self of man which the great King of the universe has not shadowed with his throne—he has left it free.

For this self of ours has to attain its ultimate meaning, which is the soul, not through the compulsion of God's power but through love, and thus become united with God in freedom."—*Sadhana,* Rabindranath Tagore, p. 41-42.

"A Collect for Peace." O God, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, *whose service is perfect freedom;* defend us thy humble servants in all assaults of our enemies; etc."

These things being true; what if we have no rights at all? L. C.

NOTICE

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Notice is hereby given that the Executive Committee of The Theosophical Society has called the annual Convention for Saturday, April 24th, 1915. It will be held in New York City, at 21 Macdougal Alley (reached from Macdougal Street, on West Eighth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues). The morning session will begin at ten thirty; the afternoon session at half past two o'clock.

Branches are urged to send personal delegates; those which are unable to do so are requested to forward proxies, for the number of votes to which their membership entitles them under the Constitution, to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, in care of the Secretary T. S. Last year there were a number of Branches which sent neither delegates nor proxies; it is desired that every Branch should be represented this year.

Members expecting to attend the Convention are requested to inform the Secretary T. S., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ADA GREGG,
Secretary T. S.

March 15th, 1915.

STANDARD BOOKS

The classification of these books, as Devotional, Introductory, and Philosophical is for the convenience of those who may wish some guide in making selections; it is only an approximation. Books are bound in cloth unless otherwise indicated.

DEVOTIONAL

Blavatsky, H. P. Voice of the Silence.	cloth $.50; leather,	$.75
Cavé. Fragments, Volume I.	boards,	.60
Volume II.	boards,	.60
Dream of Ravan.		1.00
Johnston, Charles. Bhagavad Gita.	Translated, annotated; cloth,	1.00
	limp leather, India paper,	1.50
From the Upanishads.	paper, .30; leather,	.75
Parables of the Kingdom, The.	paper,	.20
Pantanjali's Yoga Sutras.	Translated, annotated,	1.25
Song of Life, The.	limp boards,	.30
Theosophy of the Upanishads.		1.25
Judge, William Q. Bhagavad Gita.	Edited; leather,	.75
Letters that Have Helped Me, Volume I.		.50
Volume II.		.60
Light on the Path.	cloth, .50; leather,	.75
Niemand, Jasper. Vow of Poverty and Other Essays.	paper,	.15
Through the Gates of Gold.		.50

INTRODUCTORY

Hillard, Katherine. A Primer of Theosophy.	paper,	.05
Idyll of the White Lotus. A Novel.		1.00
Judge, William Q. Culture of Concentration.	paper,	.10
Ocean of Theosophy.	paper .50; cloth,	.75
Keightley, Archibald. Theosophy as an Influence in Life.	paper,	.10
Spiritual Life, The.	paper,	.10
Keightley, J. W. Unity of Religions.	paper,	.10
Mitchell, Henry B. Meditation.	paper,	.20
Theosophical Society and Theosophy, The.	paper,	.20
Sinnett, A. P. Esoteric Buddhism.		1.25
Karma. A Novel.		.75
Occult World, The.		1.25

PHILOSOPHICAL

Blavatsky, H. P. Five Years of Theosophy.	(reprints from the old magazines),	2.50
Key to Theosophy.	(in question and answer form),	2.00
Secret Doctrine, The. Vols. I and II and Index.		12.50
Hartmann, Franz. Magic, White and Black.		2.00
Hillard, Katherine. Abridgement of the Secret Doctrine.		2.00
Walker, E. D. Reincarnation.		1.50

These, and any other books on Theosophical, Religious, and Philosophical subjects, will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT,

159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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